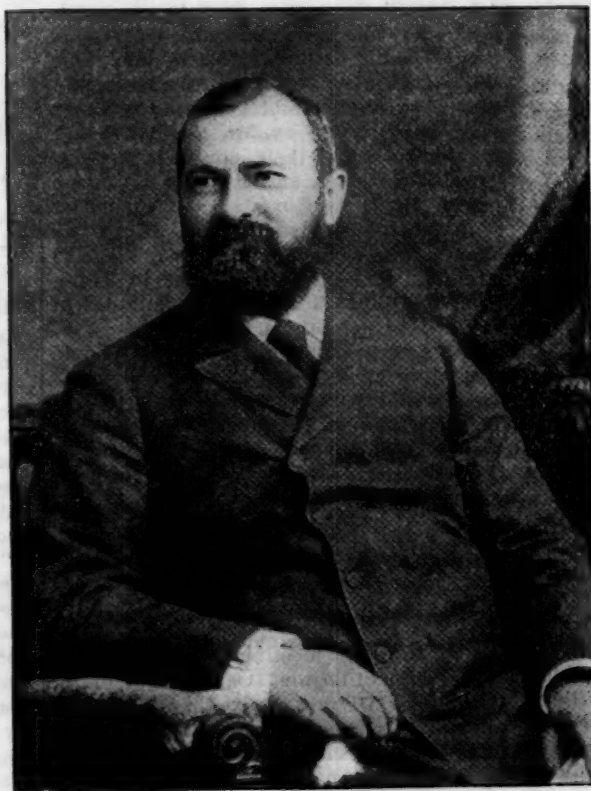


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1905



THE LATE FREDERICK HASTINGS RINDGE

The Field Secretary's Corner

THE old East Machias camp-ground is located in the town of Jacksonville, Me., covering Bucksport District and the lower part of Washington County. Here are about one hundred cottages in a beautiful grove, about half a mile from the station, and perhaps the same distance from the wooded shores of lovely Gardner's Lake. It is not a summer resort, like so many of our New England camp-grounds, but it is a spot where for a few days the people can come together for worship, and under God's leafy tabernacle renew their spiritual strength and devotion without the distractions so often found.

A splendid tabernacle, graceful in architecture and roomy and commodious enough to seat about 600 people, was erected three years ago at an expense of about \$1,000. One feature of the tabernacle deserves mention: it is open on all sides, but is sheathed with hard pine, so that there are no exposed rafters to break the sound, making it as easy to preach in as an ordinary church. It is designed, later on, to add curtains, so that it can be enclosed if necessary.

Another commendable feature of this ground is the cosy and comfortable presiding elder's cottage, handy to the preachers' stand, where the genial and beloved leader of the host is quartered, with his family. Dr. Hayward is held in affectionate esteem by all his preachers, and proved himself a wise and sagacious leader, working as hard as any of his preachers, and carrying the burden of administration without faltering. The churches on the district are well represented by large companies, nearly every cottage being occupied.

The services were inspiring and helpful, and conversions frequent and thorough. Good singing, earnest preaching, and enthusiastic cottage-meetings were the rule all the week. The camp-meeting proper did not commence till Monday evening, but the Epworth Leagues of the district held a three days' convention under the direction of Rev. H. G. McGlaulin, an enthusiastic worker among the young people.

Leaving Friendship, I went by boat to Portland, and thence by the splendid steamer "St. Croix," of the Eastern Steamship Co., to Eastport. This is the same steamer that carried me to Eastport on my previous trip, and the unfailing courtesy of the officers, from captain down, was continued. It was a delightful night, and morning found us making an early entrance into the harbor at Eastport.

I reached Jacksonville about 9 o'clock, and found an enthusiastic meeting in progress, Mr. McGlaulin having organized a "Model League," the day before. At 10 o'clock another meeting was held at which short addresses were made by Miss Wilbur, of Portland, Rev. L. W. Adams, of South Framingham, and the field secretary of ZION'S HERALD. In the evening Mr. Adams gave his fine stereopticon lecture, "Christ in Art," before a large audience. This is a very interesting lecture, with beautifully colored views showing the great masterpieces of art depicting the life of our Lord. Although the meeting was not to begin till later, the Sunday services were well attended, the audiences filling the auditorium all day.

It was my privilege to preach in the afternoon, and to lecture on missions with the stereopticon in the evening, on Sunday, and also to preach again Tuesday afternoon, to an appreciative audience.

Monday was a day of preparation — people coming, cottages being opened for occupancy, grounds being raked and pre-

pared, and everything getting ready for the week's work. The hotel on the grounds was well managed by Messrs. Whitlock and Goode, caterers from Calais — the finest catering I have found on any camp-ground in New England. I hope they will continue to minister to the material needs of the people for years to come.

Having covered a large part of the patronizing territory, I found many familiar faces, and enjoyed renewing acquaintance with the many friends, all of whom had an appreciative word for the HERALD. There being no service in the afternoon, a merry party enjoyed a buckboard ride to East Machias, returning in time for the evening service.

Camp-meeting proper began Monday evening. From that time on, the interest was unabated. The series of Bible readings on the Lord's Prayer by Dr. Hayward were especially helpful and stimulating, and were attended by large congregations. Miss Nellie Thompson, evangelist, who preached each day at 10 A. M., was also listened to with great delight by large audiences. Her sermons were strongly evangelistic and helpful, and left a marked impression on the people.

At Jacksonville it was also my privilege to renew acquaintance with some friends of former years — Capt. Wm. Nichols and his good wife, now living in Addison. Some nine years ago, while in Singapore, an American bark came into port, and, as was my custom, I made acquaintance with those on board. I found it was the "Sachem," Capt. Wm. Nichols commanding, who was accompanied by his wife, both hailing from Addison, Me. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, and they were frequent and welcome visitors in the mission house on Mt. Sophia. I had previously met their son-in-law, Capt. Sewall Lancaster, and wife, on the same vessel, in Hong Kong, so felt somewhat acquainted. Two years later, as my two older children were on their way home to America alone, they were met in Hong Kong by Capt. Nichols, who went out of his way to help them along the journey. Again, two years later, on my way home with my sick wife and two younger children, I met Capt. Nichols in Hong Kong. Hence it was with extreme pleasure that I met them on this occasion. They were at the seashore during my recent visit to Addison, and I did not see them.

F. H. MORGAN.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Dean Hodges on "Lay" Revivals

AT a recent meeting of the Episcopal Club of Boston, Dean Hodges, of the Cambridge Divinity School, spoke in the following striking terms of the leadership of laymen in historic religious awakenings: "There have been three notable periods in the history of the extension of the Christian religion — the time of the martyrs, the time of the monks, and the time of the Methodists. In each of these periods religion spread phenomenally. The significance of these for our present purpose is that each of them was an era of lay activity. The Christian Church was begun by laymen; the apostles were all laymen. It has ever since owed its best growth to the co-operation of laymen. The monks were lay orders. The Methodists won their great victories by lay preaching. Not only that, but these laymen in every one of these three periods did their work in spite of the clergy, discouraged by the clergy, detested by the clergy. Nobody

may predict the spiritual results of a cordial co-operation of clerical conservatism with lay informality."

Death of a Distinguished Bible Agent

REV. H. P. HAMILTON, for twenty-six years the agent of the American Bible Society in the Republic of Mexico, died very suddenly in Mexico City, Aug. 20, 1905. For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Hamilton has given his life to the circulation of the Scriptures among the people of this neighboring republic. He has had from thirty to fifty colporteurs under his superintendence, traveling through all the cities and villages of Mexico. He has been in direct correspondence with the missionaries of the American churches at work in that nation. During this quarter of a century there have been circulated through his agency among the people of Mexico more than 500,000 copies of the Bible, New Testament, and portions of the Scriptures.

TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

The Pilot of the Good Ship Peace

They are crowding to the headlands,
They are flocking to the piers,
And the thunder of the breakers
Is silenced by their cheers.
From cliff and cape arises
The world's exultant din
For the good ship Peace in harbor,
For the man who brought her in.

There were maids who wept in Moscow
Whose hearts were in Japan
With the White Czar's captive soldiers
At the foot of Fuji San;
Now they weep no more, those maidens,
And those captives pale and thin
Cheer the ship of Peace in harbor,
And the man who brought her in.

We had faith that he would do it
When we saw him take the wheel,
He whose heart is armor-plated,
He whose nerves are sound as steel;
He who always fronts the danger
With a twinkle or a grin,
Steered the ship past shoals and ledges,
And brought her safely in.

— EDWARD F. BURNS, in *Boston Globe*.

No Difference

Old People Just as Happy as Young

Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of life.

When the right food makes one new each day there seems as much simple happiness when one is old as when young; but bounding health is the requisite, and right food produces that.

A happy woman of 77 tells her experience:

"For three years," she says, "I was greatly troubled with a nervous affection of the stomach, which at last brought me to such a condition that I could neither eat nor sleep with any sort of comfort. I grew very despondent, and felt that my hold on life was very uncertain. It was difficult for me to find food that I could digest. My doctor kept me on a diet of rice for a long time, but it did not seem to give me any strength.

"I am glad that at last I decided to try Grape-Nuts food, for it has done a wonderful work for me. Before I had used up the first package I began to take a new interest in life, and I rapidly increased in health and strength. My stomach has regained its normal tone, and in the two years that Grape-Nuts has been my only food I have not had a sick day. I am 77 years old, and Grape-Nuts has restored to me the pleasure of living. I am sorry I did not begin sooner to use it. I cannot praise it too highly." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

A ten days' trial is sufficient.

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ZION'S HERALD

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

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Results of the Ziegler Expedition

THE Ziegler Polar Expedition proved to be another in the long list of failures to reach the Pole, but the members of the expedition have brought back scientific data of much value, and have explored and surveyed the archipelago from Crown Prince Rudolph Land to Cape Flora, discovering new channels and three large islands. Failing to find an opening in the ice in latitude 79 deg., 57 min., north, it was determined to force a way through at the 48th parallel, a feat which was accomplished by the use of gun-cotton. By the end of August, 1903, a camp was established at Teplitz Bay, the most northern harbor of Franz Josef Land. The "America" had a narrow escape on Oct. 22, 1903, when she broke adrift; finally, however, being brought back to her anchorage, where she was crushed about a month later. A shelter was built on shore, and later sledge parties were sent out which encountered great dangers and difficulties. March 16, 1905, a party left the base, which was renamed Cape Abruzzi, for the ice-pack to the north. A high temperature of 34 degrees above zero rendered the journey over the icy coating of the sea very perilous, as the ice was continually cracking under the explorers, and it became necessary to return southward to Camp Ziegler, and there to make provision in case it should be necessary for the expedition to spend a third winter in the Arctic. On July 30, however, news came of the arrival of the "Terra Nova," on which, after a journey of twenty miles over rotten ice, the expedition safely embarked.

League of Municipalities Convention

AT the annual convention of the League of American Municipalities, held in Toledo, Ohio, the all-absorbing topic was municipal ownership. The majority sentiment was strongly in favor of municipal ownership of a part or the whole of the public utilities. Mayor Dunne of Chicago made an address advocating municipal ownership which was loudly applauded, while Mayor Woodward of Atlanta contended that private

ownership properly controlled is of more benefit. Mayor Woodward, who delivered a speech full of sharp attacks on the public ownership idea, declared that Mayor Dunne of Chicago had ridden into office on a rainbow, and that he is now at a loss to fulfill his doctrine or to accomplish what the people want. Mayor Woodward asserted that there are "graft" and "boodle" in municipal ownership as there are in the political arena. Mayor Dunne stoutly maintains his belief that municipal ownership is no idle dream, that the people want it, and will find a way to obtain it. Mayor Woodward is right in his basal contention that character is an essential condition of the successful administration of public utilities, though mistaken in his wholesale charges that honest men capable of properly administering such trusts are very scarce. A paper was read by Oscar Lesser on "What the Fire did for Baltimore," in which he admitted that the direct property damage amounted to from fifty to seventy millions of dollars, but pointed out that as an indirect result of the fire an extensive program for sewerage, increased parking, larger dock facilities, and development of the suburban sections, will now be carried out. It was decided to hold the next meeting of the League in Chicago.

Cotton Industry in Japan

WHILE Japan's cotton industry is yet infantile in dimensions, it is not infantile in ambition and spirit, and a lively interest in the direction of its expansion is already noticeable, only temporarily interrupted by the war. In 1893 there were forty cotton mills in Japan, and eight years later there were eighty-one. Although in 1903 the mills had decreased to seventy-six, the number of spindles employed was larger, though as yet less than those of the New Bedford mills alone. But the successful start of the cotton industry in Japan makes its indefinite expansion in the future, if from America, China or India a sufficient and steady supply of raw cotton can be obtained, a foregone conclusion. In 1904 Japan's largest import was raw cotton, of which she bought about \$36,000,000 worth, exporting fully as large a quantity of cotton goods as she imported, and sending out cotton yarn to the value of about \$15,000,000 to China alone. The shrewdness and commercial enterprise of the Japanese, the "Yankees of the East," are not to be despised, and Japan is likely, as soon as peace releases activities now elsewhere engaged, to pass speedily beyond the yarn stage and become a formidable competitor of the United States in Oriental markets in the coarser cotton fabrics like drills and sheetings—to such an extent perhaps as

finally to drive Americans largely to the making of finer goods, as America formerly drove England to that line of manufacture.

Feeding Great Britain

THE food question has always been a problem for Great Britain, and is becoming year by year increasingly difficult of solution. But half of the needed supply of meat is produced in the United Kingdom, and it is estimated that there is only a three months' supply of wheat on hand at any time. In case of war the menace of famine for the English would be very real, since at present the food of vast numbers of the population comes from a variety of places, most of them points far distant across the seas. Thirty years ago the tilled area in Great Britain was 30,000,000 acres more than it is today, and it is steadily diminishing. This means that the land has largely reverted to wilderness, been absorbed in park holdings, or encroached upon by growing towns, although a certain proportion of it has probably been given over to pasturage in the interest of dairy products and cattle-feeding? It is certain that the United Kingdom is not sufficient unto itself in the matter of providing food for the population, being much like Massachusetts in this respect, and the plight is growing worse instead of better. This consideration enters powerfully into the British scheme of maintaining a navy larger than that of any other nation—a policy which might be termed a system of food insurance.

Animals Photographing Themselves

A WELL-KNOWN Austrian traveler, C. G. Schillings, who has been very successful in photographing animals in a wild state and under the normal life conditions, has invented an apparatus which leaves nothing to chance, and which assures a good photograph by making the animal its own photographer. The apparatus—which must be prepared to endure all sorts of climatic conditions and stand in the open air for days or weeks at a time—is constructed in a substantial manner, the camera box being made of impregnated wood with a leather cover. The tripod, however, is made as light as possible, bamboo rods or aluminum being used in its construction. The ignition of the flash is by electricity or by means of a cannon fuse. The animal, perhaps attracted by bait, comes in contact with a cord which releases a metal cover and exposes the lens. A second cord releases a pin from a lever, causing a sand-bag to fall, which in turn touches another cord and opens the shutter. Falling further, the bag explodes a charge of powder and causes the flash-light to go

off. A second metal plate is now brought before the lens so that the plate cannot be again exposed. If necessary, the operation can be performed by a person concealed near by. With the help of this apparatus Dr. Schillings has been able to secure photographs of many kinds of wild animals in a perfectly natural state.

Primeval Insect Finds

SOME highly interesting finds of insects have recently been made in Permian groups (lower division of red sandstone rock) in Russia. In the coal-fields of Europe and North America the finds hitherto made (apart from members of the *Blattoidea*) consisted exclusively of remains of such insects merely as could not be classified with any of the still existing orders. In the Russian Permian strata there have now been brought to light what may well be termed the "missing links" between extinct and recent groups of those orders that are already, in many and highly developed forms, met with in the mesozoic or secondary period of the earth's existence. Among the new finds made by Professor Koken at Tichagori on the Kama (a tributary of the Volga) are included forms which may be regarded as the direct ancestral group of the bug family (*Hemiptera*), one of the most interesting forms being that of a "praying cricket," or mantis. It is a remarkable fact that these insects — for the time in which they lived highly developed — were so well defined as early as the Paleozoic period, their different orders being then apparently as sharply defined as at the present time.

Purification of Water Supplies

IN no respect have the services of engineering science to the science of hygiene and sanitation been more conspicuous than in the application and further study of the principles involved in the processes of water purification. It has lately been shown, according to the *Scientific American*, that the introduction of pure water supplies has in many cases so greatly lowered the death-rate as to make it impossible to escape the conclusions, first, that the germs of a greater number of infectious diseases than was formerly supposed are capable of prolonged life in, and ready conveyance by, public water supplies; and, second, as a promising possibility, that, as the result of the greater purity of the water supply, the physiological resistance of the consumers of pure water is enhanced in some manner as yet unknown. The net result appears to be that the general death-rate is lowered to such an extent as to lead to a rapid increase of population in communities previously stationary or multiplying far less rapidly.

Armistice in the Far East

AN arrangement for the suspension of hostilities in the Far East was signed last Friday by M. Witte and Baron Rosen for Russia and Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira for Japan. Agreeably to a contention of the Japanese envoys that it would be impossible to get word at once to scattered divisions of the Japanese army that there is to be no more fighting, it

was provided that the armistice is not to be effective until the conclusion of the treaty of peace. A long conference was held on Friday night between all the envoys for the purpose of harmonizing important differences that arose as to the provisions of the treaty relating to Sakhalin Island and the evacuation of Manchuria. A hitch which occurred over the fortification of Sakhalin Island was settled by an agreement that no part of the island shall be fortified. The treaty as signed will prevent the possibility of Japan's establishing a Gibraltar on La Perouse Strait, which could support a war fleet. The article relating to the evacuation of Manchuria within less than eighteen months provides that the troops are to be withdrawn respectively to the lines of Mukden and Harbin. It is announced, as we go to press, on Tuesday noon, that the peace envoys will sign the Treaty of Peace late this afternoon.

Past and Present of the Papyrus

ALEXANDRIA was the centre of the manufacture of papyrus in ancient times, and throughout the Nile Delta were large plantations of this graceful and lordly plant. In the days of paper-making Egypt the banks of the Nile near the sea must have been covered with great stretches of this wonderful plant. The bas-reliefs on Egyptian monuments show the methods of its culture, while the great Alexandrian library, with its half million long papyrus rolls, burned by the ruthless Mohammedans, gives an idea of the extent of its use. Today there is not in lower Egypt a single plume of papyrus, although on the upper reaches of the Nile the banks of the sluggish river are lined by dense forests of this plant. It appears strange, says a writer in the *Scientific American*, that a plant which once played such a rôle in the world of literature and history should have become so neglected that probably not one in ten thousand of the people of the United States could tell what it is like or would know it if they saw it. But the papyrus of old Egypt would, it is claimed, add an irresistible charm to Southern waterways. It is well worth a visit to Sicily to take a look at the miles of papyrus which overhang the river Anapo. The thousands of smooth, slender, leafless stems rising in graceful curves from the water to a height of fifteen feet, and bearing at their summits tassels of delicate green filaments, present a brilliant and fairy-like sight. If the plant were introduced into Southern waters — provided no disadvantages attended its importation — a visitor might in a noiseless launch glide up creeks and winding rivers, and drift back some thousand years into the dim and hazy days when the Pharaohs and Ptolemies and Cleopatra ruled the land of earliest civilization.

Labor Day Celebration

A FIERCE southeaster, bringing a deluge of rain along the New England coast, seriously interfered with the projected parades and festivities of Labor Day, greatly to the disappointment of expectant thousands. Preparations had been made for a parade 10,000 strong in Boston, and athletic exhibitions were ar-

ranged in many places. General sympathy was expressed for the toiling multitudes who thus missed the full enjoyment of the holiday on which they had counted so much. It may be that, owing to the fact that many unions refuse to march, the parade feature will be dropped from future celebrations, and Labor Day thus lose what has formerly been the feature distinguishing it from any other holiday. The stronger unions do not see the need for parading, so far as their own interests are concerned, but it is felt that they should by their presence and marching encourage the efforts to obtain public recognition that are being made by the weaker unions. For the masses Labor Day is coming to be simply a holiday, set apart in September for relaxation, since there is no other time for a general holiday between Independence and Thanksgiving days.

Peace and Progress

THE peace concluded last week at Portsmouth between Russia and Japan is a "peace with honor," and a peace which will further progress in the Far East for many generations to come. In the peace negotiations the diplomatic victory has been Russia's, the moral victory Japan's, while at the same time the Japanese have gained practically all for which they fought, and substantial awards and advantages the magnitude of which is not as yet generally understood. The good hope expressed in the *HERALD* last week that, if the report of the concessions which Japan was prepared to make was correct, peace would be assured, has been happily confirmed. To complete the surprise of the Russians, Baron Komura, acting under, and it appears overruled against his own judgment by, orders from Tokyo, where the influence of Marquis Ito has been paramount, withdrew all claim for an indemnity in any form, whereupon the division of Sakhalin along the 50th parallel was quickly agreed upon by the envoys. Thus Russian pride is saved, and no territory now unoccupied by Japanese forces is ceded to Japan. M. Witte is conceded to have won a marked diplomatic victory, while the magnanimity of Japan is praised on all sides.

Press comment on the peace terms is tending more and more to the view that while Japan has won a moral victory over herself, and made a daring bid for the approbation of the civilized world, she will not be in the end a loser from the arrangement now effected with Russia. The ends sought in the war into which Japan was forced by Russia have been attained, namely: the preservation of the integrity of China by the exclusion of Russia from Manchuria; the establishment of a Japanese suzerainty over Korea — the peninsula termed by a Japanese statesman "an arrow pointed at Japan's heart;" "the open door," increased influence at Peking and enhanced prestige all over China; Port Arthur and Dalny, with the Russian "lease" of the Liaotung Peninsula; more than five hundred miles of the Chinese Eastern Railway (south from Kwan-Cheng-Tze Pass); half of Sakhalin; and last, but not least, fishing rights (liable to lead to quiet colonization) along the Siberian coast.

If Japan had insisted on an indemnity,

the war would have proceeded, Russia, playing a military waiting game, keeping a great army upon her frontier, and daring Japan to "come on." Such a Fabian policy would sooner or later have worn Japan out; or a pitched battle between Linevitch and Oyama might possibly have caused the tide of success in the field to turn against Japan. As it is, Japan rests calmly upon her laurels, not having lost a single great engagement on land or sea. From the point of view both of worldly wisdom and humane considerations the majority of judges think that if, relatively to her own condition, Russia has done better, Japan has at any rate done well.

The peace negotiations have been brought to an end with a speed that is remarkable, the conferees reaching a final basis for peace just three weeks after their arrival at Portsmouth. The whole world is ringing with the praises of President Roosevelt, the "peacemaker of the world." Backed by the moral sentiment of a disinterested nation of many millions, the President has been enabled to bring an influence to bear upon both parties to the Conference which, in spite of many difficulties in the way, has finally proved effective for peace. As a tribute to President Roosevelt's masterly intervention in behalf of peace, it has been suggested that the treaty now being drafted by Messrs. Dennison and Martens be signed at Sagamore Hill. If not signed there, it might properly be signed at Washington, as a recognition of the silent but effective part played by the whole American people as advocates of peace. "A cloud of witnesses around" has held the peace envoys at Portsmouth "in full survey," and now that the Conference is over, the envoys court publicity, and confidently appeal to the approval of the world for a seal upon their conclusions. The peace at Portsmouth, whether or not it be called the Peace of Portsmouth, has established Japanese, not Russian, leadership, in Eastern Asia, and there is the greatest probability that in the future, under the benign sway of peace, Japanese development in the Far East will in every way far surpass any possible extension of power by Russia. The peace will further the progress to some extent of Russia, most of all of Japan, and also, it is to be hoped, in ways not yet clearly apprehended, but which are known to Divine Providence, of civilization and Christianity.

Permanent International Parliament

It will long be remembered as a happy coincidence, doubtless of favorable omen for the cause of arbitration and peace, that while the Interparliamentary Congress met in Brussels last week the envoys of Russia and Japan were concluding a peace at Portsmouth. The conclusions reached at Portsmouth will greatly strengthen every movement for peace in any part of the world. The outstanding feature of the Congress at Brussels has been its careful and sympathetic consideration of the American proposition for a permanent international parliament. The European delegates were extremely startled by the audacity of the suggestion for the establishment of such a parliament to precisely define interna-

tional law, and Count Apponyi of Austria-Hungary suggested that in its consideration "American boldness must be combined with European caution." It is too early to hope that the founding of a permanent international parliament will be seriously considered by the various national parliaments, but the very proposition is an important move in the direction of a better understanding among the nations and the removal of the causes of war, and it is entirely within the realm of probability that within the next decade such a "parliament of man" will be in successful operation.

FACTS WORTH NOTING

—The Danube flows through countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken. It is no wonder, therefore, that the problem of government in those parts is complicated, and a constant topic of advertisement in the journals of Europe.

—Government officials who have been examining the harbor of Newport off Fort Adams have discovered an uncharted ledge within a short distance of the fort. It was on this ledge that the yacht "Nourmahal" struck recently while entering the harbor.

—As a result of the investigation made by Count de Brazza, the African explorer, into the charges of brutality toward natives of the French Congo, the French Government has sentenced the two chief colonial functionaries to five years' imprisonment. The charges included compelling the natives to eat a dish made of the flesh of dead relatives, and also exploding cartridges inserted in the bodies of natives.

—The welcome peace news was flashed by "wireless" to passing steamers in mid-ocean from the "Kronprinz Wilhelm," and caused much rejoicing among the passengers. A number of Frenchmen on the French liner "La Lorraine" were made particularly happy by the intelligence, as they are closely associated with various Russian loans.

—A conflagration at Adrianople, European Turkey, last Saturday, caused enormous damage. Seven thousand houses were destroyed in the Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian and Jewish quarters. The victims of the fire were many. Adrianople was for a period the seat of the Ottoman Power, and is associated with many of the most interesting historical incidents in the growth of the Turkish Empire.

—The bones of an immense mastodon have been unearthed in a gravel pit near Marshall, Ill. Among the bones was a tusk which measured twenty feet in length and six inches in diameter. One of the molars was ten inches in length, six inches in width, and four inches in thickness. The bones were fragile, and broke easily before the shovel.

—The steamer "Shawmut," which was built in the East and is largely owned in Boston, recently brought to Tacoma, after a fortnight's voyage from Yokohama and other far eastern points, one of the most valuable cargoes ever entered at a Pacific Coast port. Among other items of freight the "Shawmut" brought 455 bags of gold concentrates and 225 bags of gold slag from the Korean mines.

—In 1890 the number of women in paying positions in the United States was 3,914,571, and in 1900 the number had increased to 5,329,807. During the same period the number of men in paying positions has also increased, so that it must not be accepted as certain that women are go-

ing to crowd men out of all desirable positions in business and professional life.

—A new star, a "Nova," was discovered at the Harvard Observatory, Aug. 31, by Mrs. W. P. Fleming, in the constellation Aquila. A "Nova" is not at all a common thing in astronomy, though among the most interesting and instructive of phenomena. Only eleven of them, it is said by Professor Pickering, have been discovered since 1848 — eight of them by Mrs. Fleming at Harvard.

—The youngest king in the world is Daudi Chua, King of Uganda, who is now about eight. He holds his court seated on a scarlet throne with a leopard skin mat under his feet, and bearing in his hand a toy gun. The British exercise a protectorate over the young king, and have established for him a kind of parliament, which he opens regularly with much pomp.

—Professor Baldwin, the noted aeronaut, who made an ascension at Greenville, S. C., on Aug. 31, carrying with him a large quantity of explosive fireworks, was blown to pieces at an elevation of 1,500 feet, and only small fragments of his body were recovered. Some mishap must have caused the premature explosion of the aeronaut's combustible toys.

—The annual report of the State Board of Health of New Jersey shows a material increase in the number of suicides. During 1904 there were 314 cases, as against 265 the previous year. The showing in 1903 was at the rate of 15.70 per 100,000. Life seems to have been most burdensome between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. Of the suicides recorded 112 were born in this country, 64 in Germany, and 24 in Ireland.

—Old South Middle and Durfee Halls at Yale University have been remodeled, and are now equipped with modern conveniences. Durfee was formerly "the centre of wealth" among the Yale undergraduates, but of late years has been surpassed by Vanderbilt Hall and other luxurious dormitories. South Middle, loved by the alumni, will stand as the only relic of the Yale of a century ago.

—The spread of cholera from two localities on the River Weichsel a few days ago to 34 cases in twelve localities, extending from the Baltic 150 miles to the River Warthe, and its appearance in Hamburg, has much alarmed Prussia. In 1892-1893 800,000 persons, it is estimated, died in Russia from cholera. The Prussian Government is keenly alive to the danger. Numerous bacteriologists have been sent into the infected districts, and cautionary notices are published in the towns and villages.

—The governing nature of the decorations of the new Pullmans which have just been built for the Pennsylvania special, the 18-hour "flyer" between New York and Chicago, is a severe simplicity. The woodwork is not carved and complicated, but smooth and susceptible of a high polish. A delicate tracery of inlay work is the sole ornament to the graining of the wood. There are no corners in the sleeping-cars to catch dust. This is in accord with the improved hygienic practice of the day.

—In 1904 there were eleven certified inebriate reformatories, established under the Inebriates Acts, with 1,073 certified beds, open in Great Britain. To these reformatories 418 patients were admitted, of whom 38 were men and 380 women. At the end of the year, of the total number of patients, 803 were held under detention and 627 were discharged on "license," or otherwise absent, while there was a total of 1,430 committals up to the end of the year.

DRAWING POWER OF CHRIST

IN one of the columns of a religious paper appeared some years ago this advertisement: "Wanted — An article on 'The world is gone after him.'" There is only one personage in all history to which this "want ad" could have referred. Jesus Christ prophesied before His crucifixion: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," and ever since has been fulfilling His own prophecy. Already before His departure from earth it was the common talk in Jewry that the Pharisees, those custodians of an unintelligent formalism and a recalcitrant morality, were disturbed because the world was going after the Rabbi from Nazareth who was yet not of Nazareth.

The drawing power of the Christ, felt by a few at the first, felt by increasing multitudes in the apostolic age, has waxed, not waned, as the centuries have rolled by. The interest in Jesus is becoming literally world-wide. The inaccessible regions of the earth are welcoming His heralds, the haughty peoples of the world are becoming meek with His humility, the learned leaders of the intellectual realm are becoming wise unto salvation, the rich in this world are laying their treasures at the feet of Him who for their sakes became poor. The influence of Jesus is the mightiest force with which men have today to reckon in any line of life. Every individual Christian, in so far as he reflects and copies Christ, is a part of that influence, and contributes to that Christian domination of countless lives by the One Life.

A WORD WITH THE TEACHERS

YOU are back from your vacation outing — a privilege which most of you enjoy without, perhaps, reflecting how comparatively rare it is for people in moderate circumstances, especially when a whole family, instead of an individual, has to be provided for. The spirit of vacation, of the changed scene and the good time, is still in the air, and no doubt it is perfectly natural for you, before the school settles down to its year's work, to ask your pupils to recount their vacation experiences, tell where they have been and what they have done. This is getting to be quite the custom in the lower grades of the public schools.

But has this thought ever entered your minds at such a time: How about the children who have had no outing? They are in the majority, these children of the poor, these little ones who never know what change of scene means. They sit downcast and sad while their more fortunate companions tell the tantalizing story of mountain and shore. The fortunate ones are made the heroes of the hour. It is because of their good times that they are exalted and have the floor. Is there, then, nothing heroic in having gone without in having denied one's self and accepted quietly the annual stay-at-home program? No, so far as the occasion shows. It would seem not enough to have gone without a vacation trip, suffered the bitterness of denial, of longing for the impossible. The children of the poor must come back to school only to have these bright experiences of others

flaunted in their faces. Their patient home-staying is made of no account by the teachers. Nobody has a thought of exalting or praising them for hard conditions cheerfully accepted and borne. It is the story of the good time that is called for, on the first day of school.

Teachers, is this right? You call for the vacation story with the best of intentions, no doubt. You are full of the spirit and remembrance of the outing-time yourselves, and you think it will give pleasure to the fortunate ones among your pupils to share the story of their good times with you and with one another. So it does. But what of the children who sit in silence? What of the wistful, downcast faces of the disregarded stay-at-homes? Do you realize how sensitive the children of the poor are? how such little unintended slights rankle in their breasts? We know a family of such children; and every opening day of school, in September, they come home crying because they have been reminded of things that ought not to have been paraded before them.

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones;" whoso shall wound them unnecessarily; whoso shall make their inevitable lot of denial harder to bear — shall he be held blameless? We ask the public school teachers whom this protest may reach — we ask them in the name of the sensitive children of the poor — to forego that part of the opening session of the school year which is so generally devoted to describing vacation experiences. It is no part of the school work; it has no rightful place in any school program. It is simply a sweet morsel of reminiscence for your teachers and for your fortunate pupils whose parents are well-to-do. Forego it, for the sake of the little ones whose lot admits of no such pleasures. Do not make their lack of a summer outing harder for them to bear than it needs must be.

LAW FOR RICH AND POOR

RAPIDLY culminating events seem to show that, within the next twelvemonth, perhaps, we shall witness the outcome of a crisis which has long been precipitating in this country. It is a crisis with reference to the momentous question, whether or no there is to be a double interpretation and execution of penal law in America — one for the rich and one for the poor. The great Equitable Assurance Society scandal, now brought into the courts of New York State, and the Government prosecution of the Beef Trust, are going to be the chief test-cases, upon the decision of which will depend future action by the people. If these great cases result, as have too many of the same kind hitherto, in the triumphant evasion of law by Dives, there will no longer be any question as to the final, heroic remedy, nor the probable action to be taken by the American people. At that juncture, things will have reached a pass no longer endurable by the great American public, and in the current slang of the day, there is no doubt that "there will be something doing."

Graft, so-called, is now for the first time brought into court with the lime-light of publicity turned full upon it, and with a mass of evidence in hand for prosecu-

tion that is not only overwhelming, but astounding. Every day's new disclosures add to the enormity of Dives' guilt, and the abysmal depth of his shame. So great and so evident is his infamy that, were it not the formal and necessary procedure to bring him into court before punishment, a trial would seem like the merest farce. And yet, in spite of all this overwhelming and damning evidence of guilt, it cannot be denied that there is quite an even chance that Dives will escape the just and legal penalty of his crimes, and that in an amazingly short space of time his brazen enginery of graft will be in full operation again.

But if Dives escapes this time, if Justice is not strong enough or brave enough to convict and punish him to the full extent of his crimes, there is going to be an uprising of the common people in this country that will send an earthquake shock across the placidity of the nations. As our contemporary, the *Churchman*, well says: "If the law cannot be enforced with impartiality against rich and poor alike, our commonwealth is doomed. Let the masses of the people be convinced that the law cannot and will not, for whatever reason, punish the rich and mighty, and lawlessness will develop naturally into violence and anarchy."

We do not wish to sound the alarmist note unduly soon, nor too violently, but we cannot help agreeing with the *Churchman* to this extent at least, that there would be positive national danger in the triumph of graft at this critical juncture. The people have kept themselves in hand remarkably well, up to this point. They have seen farce after farce enacted in the courts, with the jaunty and arrogant emergence of Dives, convicted, perhaps, but unpunished, or only punished in such a way and to such a degree as to make judicial procedure a howling mockery and our courts of justice a disgrace and laughing stock to the whole country. The people have shown great patience and self-control until now, and Dives and the courts have presumed upon their patience most outrageously; but we firmly believe that the time and the occasion have at last come when the American people are going to say, "Quit fooling!" So huge is our national bump and appreciation of humor that we have contrived to smile hitherto at the ridiculous farce of Dives in court. But the smile is wearing off. The face of the people is growing serious and even ominous. This matter is getting to be something more than a huge comedy. Fortunately, we have a President who is tremendously in earnest about it, and now the people are fully ready to back him up. We have "fooled" with these vipers of graft long enough. Now is the time to shake them off into the fire. Now is the time to establish for all futurity a precedent that shall say: "The law is the same for the rich and the poor." Dives shall no more be let off with a petty fine (petty to him), or shrewdly conducted to the postern of legal escape, scot-free, while the poor man is punished to the full and relentless extent of the law. We must and will have one code and one execution of that code for rich and poor alike. We will not endure longer the farce of Justice bowing her knee at the chink of gold.

So speak the people; and *vox populi*,

vox Dei. The voice of the people is the echo of Divine wisdom and Divine purpose. When the whole nation rises, and says that the arrogant Dives shall go to State Prison for a State Prison offence, exactly like the humblest poor man, we shall begin to see the end of this hideous institution of corporate robbery, that has undertaken to convert America from the best land on the face of the globe for the poor man to positively the worst and wretchedest.

Opinions Up-to-date

IN every church there are some good but opinionated people. They always "know all about it." There is no changing their opinion either as to a divine decree or the trim of a bonnet. Such an individual is frequently a thorn in the side of the pastor. That sort of cocksureness is not to be commended; and yet it is better for a man to be opinionated than to have no opinions at all. It is preferable that a man should "make up his mind" than that he should have no mind to make up. The ideal state is one of conviction thus far, of opinions up-to-date—thoroughly vigorous as they are, and yet always ready for a change to the better whenever more light comes from human reflection, history, providential developments, the revelations of the Spirit, or the divine Word.

Change of Views

SECRETARY TAFT and his party, made up of distinguished men of both political parties, Republican and Democratic, and holding strongly variant views concerning the Philippines, have completed their tour of those islands. The New York Tribune of Aug. 24, in noting the fact editorially, says:

"Secretary Taft and his party in their picturesque tour have 'made the round' of the Philippines. On Tuesday they arrived at Cebu, where they found the entire city decorated in their honor, and where a parade, a race meeting, a visit to Magellan's monument, a banquet for speechmaking and a ball for fellowship and pleasure were some of the items on the program. Similar greetings had met them at all places in the Philippines, the most notable, naturally, being that at Manila, with its speeches from both Democrats and Republicans, which waked the echoes at home, particularly the speech of the Hon. Bourke Cockran, which may be taken as the epitaph of anti-imperialism."

Before Mr. Cockran made this personal examination of these islands, the people, and their possibilities for self-government, he was known as perhaps the most emphatic opponent of the U. S. Government in its policy with the Philippines. His conversion is as striking as that of St. Paul, for he stood up at a banquet in honor of Secretary Taft in Manila, and declared that the United States was acting as "God's instrument in shaping the prosperity of the Philippines." There was nothing half-way about Mr. Cockran's utterances. "I feel," he said, "the most profound confidence in the success of American destiny in the Philippines. I shall earnestly study and assist in the unselfish exploitation and development of the islands under President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft. I admit that it is impossible to fix a time for granting independence, but I believe it possible to prescribe the conditions deserving independence, namely, when order is maintained, when the dignity of labor is understood, and when the islands are self-supporting."

Thus does a theory formed on misrepresentation and nursed with party prejudice,

give way under personal investigation of real conditions. Mr. Cockran honors himself, as he does his country and government, by such a frank statement of change in his views concerning the Philippines.

End of Bishop Potter's "Consecrated Saloon"

AFTER thirteen months of experimentation the "Subway Tavern," which Bishop Potter dedicated with prayer, has gone out of business, and will be transformed into the old-style liquor saloon of New York city. The Boston Herald puts it well in saying: "'You can't follow the Lord and chase the devil at the same time,' cynically remarks Mr. Skidmore, who now takes over the business of the Subway Tavern opened a little more than a year ago in New York with the prayers and benedictions of Bishop Potter. Henceforth there will be no Scriptural texts on the walls, no mild drink fountains, no softening influences—just liquor for those who want and can pay for it. It's the honest way; but the experiment has sobered a worthy Bishop if it hasn't sobered anybody else." And the Boston Transcript, which expressed sympathy with the movement, thus pens its epitaph for the "Subway Tavern": "Bishop Potter's subway tavern, which was opened with the singing of the doxology, will go into the hands of a professional saloonkeeper today. No doxology."

Absolute Norm of Reality

MUCH of the philosophic thought of the day is affected by a doctrine of the relativity of knowledge which, if followed out in conduct, may have dangerous applications. The teaching that truth is what any man finds it to be, contains within it the subtle suggestion that truth is none other or nothing more than any particular individual thinks it as being. There lurks in this the old Sophistic error rebaptized with a modern terminology. No doubt every man looks at truth from his own angle, or through glasses colored by his own personality; but back of or beneath every individual view, enforcing, explaining or qualifying it, lies the absolute reality. The theory of the relativity of all knowledge carried out to the Nth degree is incompatible with any tenable conception of Christianity as a religion of divine authority.

"Crass Absurdity"

UNDER date of Aug. 28, S. F. Harri-man, publisher and bookseller, writes from Columbus, Ohio: "I desire to call your special attention to what I regard as a very severe and wholly incorrect representation relative to New England Methodism on pages 389 and 390 of the second volume of Andrew D. White's Autobiography. I have been looking for some of our Methodist editors to take up the caricature, but I presume none of you have had your attention called to it. Speaking of the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, he says: 'Never, except, perhaps, among the dervishes of Cairo, have I seen any religion more repulsive. . . . A piece of crass absurdity,' etc. I was at that camp-meeting that year on the Vineyard, was pastor at Vineyard Haven almost at the date of the visit by Mr. White, and I know that no such things as he speaks of ever occurred at the camp-meeting. I do not believe you want such absurd statements to go unchallenged. Though not in the pastorate now, I continue to read Zion's Herald, and it is needless to say I enjoy it more even than when I was in the pastorate

in the New England Southern Conference."

In reference to the foregoing we have to confess that we have not examined the volume in question and were not familiar with the camp-meeting at the time mentioned. We shall be glad to publish brief replies to Mr. White's allegations from any persons who are able to speak from personal knowledge. Mr. White's life-long habit of indulging in extreme criticisms of the Christian system of truth and life would lead us to infer that anything like the normal manifestation of experimental religion, which he might have seen at Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, would have been very unwelcome and disturbing to him.

PERSONALS

— Rev. Sylvester Whitehead, ex-president of the British Wesleyan Conference, is the fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which meets at Birmingham, Alabama, in May next.

— Carl Bailey Hurst, United States consul at La Guayra, Venezuela, has been appointed United States consul at Plauen, Germany. Mr. Hurst is a son of the late Bishop Hurst, and his appointment is in the nature of a promotion.

— Rev. William Braman Tower, pastor of the Fordham Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, was married to Miss Estelle Hunter at her home in Newburgh, N. Y., Aug. 30. Rev. William K. Hall, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, officiated.

— Bishop Fowler has released Rev. A. S. Gregg from Conway, and appointed him field secretary of the International Reform Bureau. Rev. C. H. Hanaford will take charge at Conway, Oct. 1. Mr. Gregg plans to make Springfield his headquarters. For the present his address is Conway.

— Miss Mary Ross Potter, who has been appointed dean of women at Northwestern University to succeed Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, was graduated from Northwestern with the class of 1892. She was assistant in languages at the Illinois State Normal University until 1899. Last year she was granted a leave of absence from this institution, which she spent in travel abroad.

— Bishop Neely, in the interest of his work on the continent of South America, expects to be in the United States for some weeks on his way to Panama to begin his second tour of that continent. He will probably arrive in New York about the middle of September, or a little later. While he is in the United States he will be glad to make engagements to speak or lecture for the benefit of his South America mission. He may be addressed at the Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Ave., New York city.

— Dr. Clarence H. Staples, elder son of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Staples, of Asbury Temple, Waltham, has taken the offices of the late Dr. Drown, on Washington St., Malden, and begins his life-work in that beautiful city. Dr. Staples graduated with honor from Wesleyan University and from Harvard Medical School, and goes to his work fresh from two years' experience in Boston City Hospital. Zenas Carl Staples, the younger son, who graduated from Boston University last June, has recently gone to Porto Rico, where he has secured a good position with the West India Oil Company.

— Rev. Orville J. Nave, chaplain in the United States Army, now retired by reason of age, has decided to make his home in Los Angeles, Cal. He is the author of the Topical Bible which bears his name. The

profits of this valuable book, which were about \$60,000, he generously gave to Nebraska Wesleyan University. He is now preparing a new and revised edition.

— Announcement is made, Tuesday noon, that Hezekiah Butterworth, the famous writer, has just died at the home of his brother in Warren, R. I.

— Mr. M. J. Clark, of Grand Rapids, Mich., gives a fine house and lands — estimated value in all of \$50,000 — as a Home for the Superannuates of the Michigan Conference.

— It is just like Bishop Galloway of the Church South to cancel his engagements, and offer his services to New Orleans during the yellow fever crisis. He is willing to serve either as a minister or a nurse. Some years ago he himself was sick with this fever.

— The following from Mark Twain is characteristic: "I wish to register as a Jerome petitioner, for, although I have never seen him, I believe in him, and am grateful to him for proving that honesty in politics and office is still possible in New York, though not epidemic."

— Rev. and Mrs. John H. Mansfield, of the New England Conference, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, Sept. 16. A reception will be given them by their daughter, Mrs. John N. Mason, at her home, 26 Mt. Pleasant St., Worcester, from 2 to 6 o'clock. All friends of Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield will be cordially welcome.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Booth, mother of Rev. W. W. Booth, pastor of Haven Methodist Episcopal Church, East Providence, R. I., passed away, Sunday, Aug. 27. Mrs. Booth had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for fifty years and of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, for over thirty years. Her passing was peaceful as her life had been beautiful.

— Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, chairman of the International Sunday school Committee, in a note to this office, referring to the recent session of the Committee at Clifton, says: "Your own branch of Methodism was represented by Mr. Frank L. Brown, of Brooklyn, who is, if I mistake not, the superintendent of the largest Sunday school in Methodism, and, with two exceptions, the largest in the world."

— Mr. John Legg, of Trinity Church, Worcester, has been appointed a member of the International Sunday-school Committee, to represent the First District, which includes the Associations of New England, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Mr. Legg takes the place of U. S. Senator Crane, who was unable to accept the place for which he was nominated at Toronto.

— Rev. Asahel Bronson, who was buried, Aug. 11, at Wyoming, Iowa, a great-uncle of Rev. Dillon Bronson, of Brookline, had been preaching the Gospel about eighty years, being 97 years and 9 months old at the time of his death. The Iowa press speaks of him as the oldest Methodist minister in America, and claims that he had married and buried more people than any other minister in our denomination. He kept his sweet, charitable disposition and strong musical voice to the last, and was "Uncle Asahel" to thousands of people.

— The late Frederick H. Rindge left an estate of \$20,000,000 entirely to his family, there being no public bequests. His will was drawn with his own hand for the protection of his family, one-third to the wife and the remainder to the three children. It is reported that he intended making another will, with generous public bequests, but his unexpected death prevented it.

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Sooboonagam Ammal Located

AUTHORITATIVE information has been received that Sooboonagam Ammal went back to her own people voluntarily, and purposes to remain with them. A letter, dated Aug. 1, from Miss Grace Stephens, of Madras, to Miss Mary E. Holt, secretary of the New England Branch W. F. M. S., contains the following:

"I can imagine how much Bishop Oldham's letter about Sooboo must have distressed you. Two weeks have gone by, and I write to tell you that Sooboo is no longer under my protection. We first heard what the bandy-man told us — that she had been dragged out of her cart, forced into a brougham, and rapidly driven away. Fortunately, Bishop Oldham was here. He and I saw the commissioner of police, and nothing was left undone to find Sooboo. Through them and through others Sooboo was located, and Mrs. Oldham and I were taken to see her. She was in the midst of Hindu people. She told us that she went of her own accord. When we begged of her to return, she absolutely refused. I really do not know what to think of all this. There are so many rumors abroad. She is certainly under great evil influence."

AN IDEAL MINISTER

REV. J. A. M. CHAPMAN, D. D., of the Philadelphia Conference, who has lived for several years in retirement at his summer home in Greenland, N. H., was translated on Saturday, Sept. 2. No man in our ministry whom we have been



THE LATE REV. J. A. M. CHAPMAN, D. D.

privileged to know was more worthy of the characterization given in our caption — "an ideal minister." Yet he would have been the first to disavow the distinction, so genuinely unaffected and sincerely humble was he in his estimate of his own abilities. During the half-century that he was conceded to be one of the greatest preachers in our connection — not only summoned to our first pastorates, but called on great occasions to preach — he seemed all unconscious of the reputation which he had won as a masterly preacher, and of the unique niche in which he was so generally and gratefully placed. The charm of Dr. Chapman's character to the last was the grace of humility.

He was an ideal minister in his preparation for the pulpit. While he never neglected pastoral obligations, and sustained the most affectionate and delightful relations with all of his people, yet he felt

a divine constraint to preach the Gospel, and, therefore, to make the very fullest and most thorough preparation for it. To this end he was a laborious student, devoting himself to unremitting study and research in making his sermons, and went over and over them, rewriting and changing until he brought them up to his unalterable standard. Here is the reason that, until the last, he was fresh, vigorous and modern, and always had a message to proclaim. We once heard him mentioned, in his preaching ability, as one of a distinguished quartet of ministers who, a quarter of a century or more ago, had served Tremont St. Church, this city, in the days of its prestige and glory — W. S. Studley, J. A. M. Chapman, L. T. Townsend, S. F. Jones.

But he was an ideal minister in this chief respect — he was burdened for, preached for, labored for, the conversion of the people. For this cause, like St. Paul, he was not only the servant of Jesus Christ, but of the people. "This one thing" he did, and his whole ministry was fashioned to it. Perhaps no man was ever loved more by his churches or received more hearty and sincere praise from men; but this did not satisfy him. He must see the people coming into the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

In these essentials he was an ideal minister of Jesus Christ.

J. A. M. Chapman was born in Greenland, N. H., Aug. 21, 1829. He was educated in the district school, Hampton Academy, N. H., Waterville (Colby) College, Maine, and Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H. He was converted at a camp-meeting in Kingston, N. H., in 1844, Rev. James Adams being pastor of the church at Greenland. He worked on the farm and taught school to defray the expense of getting an education. He had the conviction that he must preach long before he made a profession of religion. He was licensed to preach by Rev. Dr. James Pike, presiding elder of Dover District, N. H. Conference, in March, 1854, and joined Providence Conference, Bishop Baker presiding. His appointments were: North Fairhaven; Millville; Allen St., New Bedford; Taunton Central; Chestnut St., Providence; St. Paul's, Fall River; transferred to New England Conference, and stationed at Hanover St., Boston; Tremont St., Boston; Grace Church, Boston; transferred (1873) to New York East Conference, and stationed at St. John's, Brooklyn (three years); St. Paul's, New York (three years); St. John's, Brooklyn (three years); St. Paul's, New York (three years); supernumerary, one year; Ridgefield, Conn.; transferred to Philadelphia Conference, and stationed at Arch St., Philadelphia (five years); Park Ave., Philadelphia (five years); received superannuated relation at the close of pastorate of Park Ave. The degree of A. M. was conferred by Colby College, and that of D. D. by Wesleyan University. He was at one time chaplain of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and chaplain of the University of Pennsylvania while pastor of Park Ave., Philadelphia. Two remarkable revivals — one at Allen St., New Bedford, with 300 conversions, and about the same number at St. Paul's, Fall River — attended his ministry

Dr. Chapman leaves a wife, one son, Alfred Knight Chapman, and one daughter, Mattie C., wife of John Warren Henderson, of Wyncote, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson are now on the sea, returning from Europe, and consequently have no knowledge of their father's illness and death. The funeral occurs on Wednesday afternoon — after this paper is sent to press — at the Methodist Church in Greenland.

A DISTINGUISHED CHRISTIAN LAYMAN

FREDERICK HASTINGS RINDGE, of Los Angeles, Cal., known all the way from Massachusetts, his native State, to California, home of his adoption, as a philanthropist, scholar, church worker, capitalist and man of affairs generally, died suddenly, Aug. 29, at Yreka, Southern California, where he had gone on a business trip. For a year he had been failing, but only the day before his decease news came that his condition was much improved, and the end was of course unexpected.

Mr. Rindge was born in Cambridge, Dec. 21, 1857, the only child of Samuel B. Rindge, a prominent Boston business man, a member of the firm of Parker, Wilder & Co. of this city. The death of the father left the son a fortune estimated at \$3,000,000. Frederick entered Harvard, but owing to poor health did not complete his course until after several years of travel in Europe and California. Unable to stand the climate of New England, he made his home in California. He was a classmate of William E. Russell, who, when mayor of Cambridge, interested Mr. Rindge in the need of the city for a new public library. Advising with Mayor Russell and Col. T. W. Higginson, Mr. Rindge gave to Cambridge a beautiful \$100,000 Library building. He devoted an equal amount to building the Manual Training School which bears his name, and whose work has been a model in its field. Mr. Rindge also gave to Cambridge its dignified City Hall building, at a cost of \$225,000, and the site of the Cambridge high school was his gift. He made the erection of Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church possible, and donated, in all, \$49,000 towards it. He gave \$10,000 to aid in the new Y. M. C. A. building in the same city, and had contributed generously to carry on the work. The only restrictions he placed on his gifts to his native city were, that no reference whatever should be made anywhere on the structures connecting his name with the same as donor, and that he should be allowed to put certain tablets in the buildings. These tablets are especially interesting as witnessing to his mental sanity, his public spirit, and his ethical and religious life. Over the front entrance to the City Hall is the following:

God has given Commandments unto Men. From these Commandments men have framed Laws by which to be Governed. It is Honorable and Praiseworthy to Serve the People by administering these Laws Faithfully. If the laws are not Enforced, the people are not Well Governed.

There is no external tablet on the Public Library, but over the main desk the Ten Commandments are given in three

columns, beneath which appears this inscription:

Men, Women, Children. If you obey these Commandments, you will be Happy. If you Disobey them, Sorrow will Come upon you;

and still lower, in two parallel columns:

It is Noble to be Pure.
It is Right to be Honest.
It is Necessary to be Temperate.
It is Wise to be Industrious.
But to Know God is best of all.

Paul the Apostle besought men to present their Bodies a living sacrifice Holy and Acceptable unto God. The Body must not be Dishonored by Impure Acts. Wise are they who protect the purity of their blood and Preserve their Strength by Living Pure Lives.

At the Manual Training School a semi-circular inscription is placed over the entrance, as follows:

Work is One of our Greatest Blessings. Every one should have an Honest Occupation.

It is impossible to express the profound and affectionate consideration and gratitude which Mr. Rindge awakened, not only in the hearts of the Methodists of Cambridge, but throughout the New England Conference and in the denomination at large, by the generous gifts which made the erection of the magnificent Epworth Church possible. For more than a half-century the denomination had been humiliated by the old church edifice which the Epworth Church supplanted. In promoting this church enterprise the donor was characteristically modest and unassuming. When the edifice was completed and ready for dedication, there was an indebtedness of \$19,000 unprovided for. Rev. George H. Cheney — who deserves hearty and permanent appreciation for the wise and self-sacrificing service rendered in directing this enterprise and bringing it to a successful completion — wrote Mr. Rindge, stating the situation and inviting him to be present at the dedication, but if he could not attend to write a letter to be read on the occasion. In place of the expected letter, the following memorable telegram was received:

Santa Monica, Cal.

REV. GEORGE H. CHENEY: If you still lack funds for the completion of Epworth Church, I will further give within a year, no loss preventing, any sum under \$19,000. I have not written you the letter requested, as the dedication service will need much time. Instead, I will let the telegraph add my testimony that Jesus saves.

F. H. RINDGE.

Epworth Church, imposing, modern and attractive, so near the majestic buildings of Harvard University that a stranger might well consider that it was the University church, is, and will remain to Methodists hereabouts, Mr. Rindge's most expressive and permanent monument.

In some future number we intend to make further reference to the religious life of the deceased. He was profoundly and sanely religious. His religion possessed and controlled his entire nature. His wealth, his abilities — which in so many lines were remarkable — were all held in trust, to be used for Christian and beneficent public ends. We are informed that he was a young man of high ideals, coming of Puritan stock with splendid

traditions. His religious training and environment until he went West had been Unitarian, of the type of the elder Peabody, Hedge, and President Elliot. He had not been long in California, however, when he came under the earnest and searching preaching and influence of some Methodist ministers. The truth which they preached, the spirit of consecration manifested, made a deep and irresistible impression upon him, so strong and inescapable, that he yielded himself wholly, and was soon demonstrating a new and experimental spiritual experience and power. This new and vital spiritual life never left him. He connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in membership, and for many years has been not only one of the most generous givers to all the connectional causes of the church, but one of its most active and useful members in personal Christian work. Few indeed have been the laymen in our church whose lives have been modeled so fully after the Christ pattern, and who have accomplished so much in personal living and Christian benefaction.

In 1886 Mr. Rindge married Miss Rhoda May Knight, formerly of Trenton, and there were born to them three children — Samuel, now aged sixteen, Frederick, fourteen, and Rhoda, ten.

Funeral services occurred in Los Angeles, Sept. 1, and interment was in Rose-dale Cemetery.

Dr. C. F. Rice's Tribute

MY acquaintances with Frederick H. Rindge was confined to correspondence in reference to the interests of Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church while I was its pastor, and a single visit of Mr. Rindge and his wife to the church.

In his character there was a rare combination of business sagacity and simplicity. He was ever a generous, but never a careless, giver. He was pre-eminently a man who carried religion into business and business into religion.

During the first few years of struggle that followed the erection of Epworth Church, he kept in close touch with its work, and was ever ready with wise counsel and substantial assistance. On the occasion of his visit to the church, an illustration was given both of that modesty and of that spirit of reverence which were with him such marked characteristics. He had never seen the church which his princely generosity had alone made possible, and, as I welcomed him at the door on that bright June morning, I asked him if he would be willing to step within the altar rail at the close of the service, and let the people shake hands with him. In a tone in which surprise and something akin to rebuke were blended, he answered: "Oh, no; this is the Lord's house."

He was never willing that any public reception should be given him, and shrank from any public expressions of the gratitude felt in the church and throughout the city of Cambridge for his many generous gifts. Above all, he was unwilling that aught but worship should engage the thoughts of those who sat within the house of God. As he shook hands with me at the close of the service, he simply said: "Thank you for that sermon. I believe you are the right man in the right place." He had been indeed a worshiper with us, and his presence had been a benediction.

Newton, Mass.

Methodism in Montevideo

BISHOP THOMAS B. NEELY.

MONTEVIDEO is a great Roman Catholic city, as any visitor will infer from the large number of immense churches, monasteries, convents, and seminaries he sees in all directions. So it has been for centuries, but a new force is being felt, and of that force Methodism is a great part.

Methodism began its work in Montevideo in a somewhat sporadic way in 1869, when Rev. John F. Thomson made occasional visits from Buenos Aires. In 1870 he moved to Montevideo, and from

For over thirty years — thirty-five years, to be exact — the Methodist Episcopal congregation had carried on its services in that old building, and the results show that good work was done, for from it a beneficent influence has spread throughout the city and beyond. From the converts in that old converted theatre have come eight itinerant preachers and two professors in the National University.

Times change and neighborhoods change. The city moved farther and farther back from the sea, and the neigh-

prominent position; but the site is a splendid one on account of its surroundings. It fronts on three streets, the principal one being the Calle Constituyente, or Constituent Street. A block to the rear is the immense Church of the Jesuits, and about the same distance below our lot and on Calle Constituyente is the lot on which is to rise the new building for the Uruguayan Congress.

No effort, however, was made to erect a church on this site until Bishop McCabe, on his second visit to South America, held the South America Conference in Montevideo. He saw the situation and stimulated the people to rise up and build. The next year Bishop Joyce laid the cornerstone of the new church, and the work of construction went on steadily and cheerfully.

Suddenly everything was brought to a standstill. One of the foolish revolutions for which this country is famous broke out, and, as was to be expected, paralyzed business; people were compelled to consume their surplus, and fortunes faded away. The members of the church participated in the losses caused by a bitter intestine war that arrayed brothers and fathers against each other, and the financial depression was such that work on the church had to be suspended.

It was a sad disappointment, for it was calculated that the church could and would be completed without any debt remaining on the property. The revolution blasted all these hopes, and the huge walls of the structure stood like a premature ruin. To save further financial loss it was absolutely necessary to put a roof on the church, for otherwise the walls themselves would suffer severely and much of the work of construction would have to be done over again. Thus an addition had to be made to the debt.

So there stood the tall structure, a most conspicuous object in a splendid location, but to the Roman Catholics a splendid failure. The only relieving fact was that the suspension had been caused by a very



MONTEVIDEO — NEW METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
With site for the Hall of Congress in the foreground, and the Church of the Jesuits in the right background

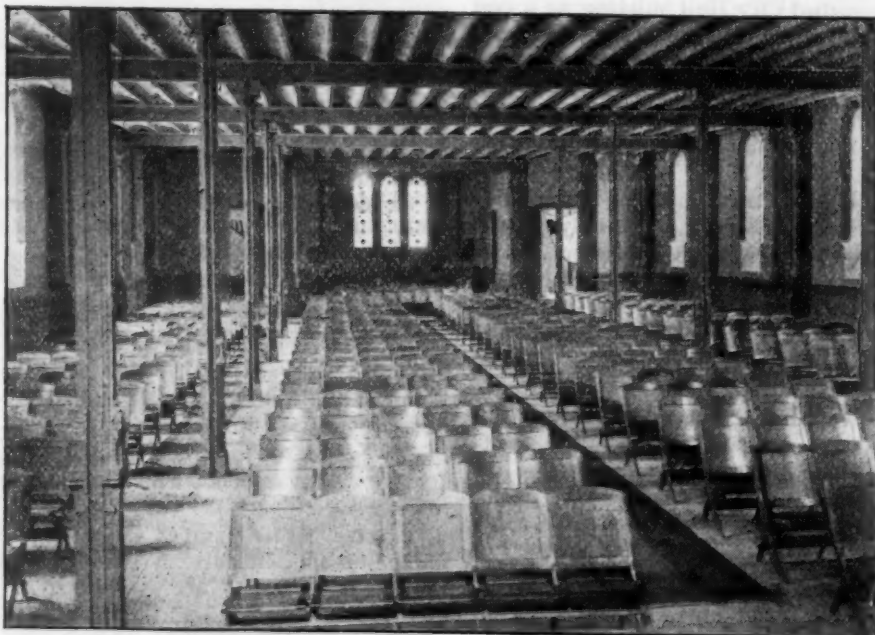
that time the work has gone steadily forward. The first services were held in the house of Rev. Andrew M. Milne, the agent of the American Bible Society, who is still the efficient head of the important work of that Society in South America, but who now resides in Buenos Aires. Later, services were held in the suburbs at the country place of a Mr. Samuel F. Lafone, a leading merchant, who had come from the Isle of Jersey.

Up to this time the services were practically private meetings, and an advance was made when public services were opened in the Masonic school-building. The sympathy of the members of the Masonic order gave something more than a negative support to the mission, for its members and the members of the new congregation had something in common, both being antagonized by the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

In 1871 Methodism had become bold enough and strong enough to undertake the purchase of an old building which had been offered for a very small figure. The building had been used for theatrical purposes, and when the Methodist Episcopal congregation first occupied it, the interior was that of a theatre, with boxes, a pit, and the other supposedly convenient arrangements for a play-house, and, in addition, the colors were of the most gaudy character. In a short time the new occupants undertook to thoroughly convert the building, so they took out the boxes, subdued the colors, and made it harmonize with the new purposes for which it had been sanctified.

borhood degenerated and became the abode of the most degraded characters. A church was needed in a more central place, for this was down near the water's edge and in a vicious vicinity that could not fail to be injurious to young people.

Fortunately years ago a large lot had been secured in what was becoming the



MONTEVIDEO — LECTURE ROOM (BISHOP MCCABE HALL)
In new Methodist Episcopal Church, looking from pulpit.

central part of the city. It is high up on the ridge upon which the city is built, so that the elevation itself gives literally a un-civil war. Enemies, however, would not make much of a reason out of that, and the church was in the enemy's coun-

try. It looked like a Protestant fiasco, to use a good Spanish word, which is also familiar to English-speaking people.

There it stood, a shell of a building with the windows boarded up. The situation was discouraging, and should be changed. One thing would do it, and that was money; but the people did not have the money. The next session of the South America Conference was to be held in the city of Montevideo. What a splendid thing it would be if it could be held in that new church! It would encourage our friends and startle our enemies. To complete the whole church was an impossibility, but if the lecture-room could be completed and opened for service, that would answer for the time being. We could not tell how much it would cost, but if I could get two or three thousand dollars, I could cable to have it finished at once.

Naturally the first appeal was to the Missionary Board; but another church in the Conference owed the Missionary Society a large amount of money, and the Board felt that the money the General Committee had appropriated for property should be retained to reduce that debt. Further, it did not feel that it had more money at command, or that under the circumstances just at the beginning of the year it had power to make the appropriation.

The next thing in order was an appeal to Bishop McCabe, who had been the inspiration of the movement. I believed that if there was anything left in his benevolent fund, he would come to the rescue. So I immediately communicated with him, and stated my desire and what I had said in my appeal to the Missionary Board. By return mail came the pledge of \$2,000, and without delay I sent a cablegram to finish the lecture-room in time for the Conference, which had been announced for the 8th of March. That was in December, and, as it proved, there was an immense amount of work to be done, but the pastors went at it with a will.

We went down to South America by way of the Isthmus of Panama. From Panama we sailed along the western coast and held the North Andes Mission at Lima, and then the Andes Conference at Coquimbo in Chile. After visiting various posts in Chile we crossed the Andes and then the pampas of Argentina, reaching Buenos Aires on the 7th of March.

On the Pacific coast we had learned that the lecture-room could not be completed by the 8th of the month, and consequently had postponed the session of the Conference until the 22d. On that day the Conference convened in the new church, and at the formal opening that night there was an audience of nearly a thousand people. Think of that in a Roman Catholic city! The result was a perceptible uplift. The Conference was enthusiastic, and at all the public meetings the audiences were immense and immensely interested.

The room holds a good many, for it is about 116 feet long. There is nothing quite so big in South America, and there are few lecture-rooms quite as large in the United States. The circumstances were so peculiar that it was proper that the room should have a special name. What should it be called? If it should bear the

name of an individual, there was only one man whose name should be used. So the people remembered their benefactor and in Spanish called it the Salon MacCabe, or, in English, the Bishop McCabe Hall.

No, the \$2,000 did not cover the expense, much less pay the old debt; neither will the additional \$2,000 promised by the generous Bishop. There is still needed about \$6,600. That will pay all the debt, tear down the unsightly brick wall, and put up an iron fence, and instead of the rough boards, put plain glass windows in the auditorium where at the present time there is not a window frame. The people have not recovered from the revolution, and must be helped. Let the home church perceive its opportunity to strengthen a Methodist Episcopal fortress in one of the great camps of Rome. Already the new church has made a profound impression. Free it of debt, and it will be much more influential. Let the lovers of our church send contributions for this purpose to the missionary office, to Bishop McCabe, or to the writer.

Buenos Aires, Argentina.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Dec. 17, 1807 — Sept. 7, 1892.

REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

O man beloved, thou hast been missed and mourned
Since to thy God thy gentle soul returned.

When to shed blood and desecrate man-
kind

The feet of men are swift, and unre-
strained

Their hands; when earth is darkened
and profaned

By superstition and the sordid mind;

When eyes are lustful lit, to Beauty blind,
And souls with envy burn, instead of
love;

When Hate has passionate hunger; when
the dove

Is torn by vulture shrieking down the
wind;

When scenes and thoughts like these my
heart would grieve,

Then turn I back to thee, thou gracious
one!

And thy lov'd page; for thou again shalt
weave

Comfort's torn web, and reknit hopes
undone;

The world reblooms, while Heaven smiles
on us still —

Walking with thee the groves of Haver-
hill.

East Boothbay, Me.

BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON LETTER

"CALVERT."

NOT entirely "from going to and fro in the earth," but partly from scanning the horizon, your correspondent thinks it about time he was heard from.

Everything at low ebb, except vacations, summer assemblies, muggy weather, and heat. About so; but there has been much interest in all of these matters. The weather conditions are necessary, and would be more comfortable if complaint were less. How would it be for Christians to learn to give thanks "in everything," including the weather? As to vacations, they seem to be necessary, too; but one queries sometimes if the vacation business is not being greatly overdone in these days.

The summer time here — and it is the same quite generally, no doubt — is not only a time of religious disintegration, but of religious dissipation to a greater or less extent, in some instances amounting to positive backsliding and even immorality. Furthermore, in some of our churches the people begin to go away in April and May and return in October and November. These are the extremes, of course, but the extremes influence the rest, and the actual full work of the church is limited to about six months in the year. "Calvert" has been trying a vacation this year in his back yard, reading, with an occasional near-by outing and an occasional exchange of pulpits, and has found it admirable. Why could not our preachers arrange a system of vacations during the summer by such exchanges in the various cities, thereby greatly benefiting the churches and at the same time relieving themselves from the strain of the work? At any rate, the present system seems to have reached its limit (at least, I hope so), and it is time to return to something that is saner and wiser. The preacher must set the pace in the matter.

The summer assemblies, camp-meetings and the like have been up to the average, it is fair to say. The summer evangelistic work has been above the average hereabouts. In Baltimore the union evangelistic services have been conducted in three large tents, two gospel-wagons, and in the public parks. It is said that forty thousand people have heard the Gospel through these aggressive agencies that are not in the habit of hearing it. The results are not tabulated. In Washington our Methodist Preachers' Meeting attempted a series of tent meetings and abandoned them after less than two weeks of effort, and, to tell the whole truth, the managers confessed the effort a failure. It is not my purpose to diagnose this case, or to say why the effort failed, yet I think I know. Suffice it to say, it is a pity; and it is to be hoped that wisdom will be learned by the defeat and better work be done another time. The effort was praiseworthy.

A local paper in Washington has recently published an article from a Western exchange telling of the demand for preachers in the West, saying that two things are causing men to stay out of the ministry and to leave it after they have entered it, namely, starvation salaries and an unreasonable demand for young men. How long will young men of ability and sense continue to spend ten or twelve years in preparation for the ministry if they know beforehand that their service duration will be limited at the height of their powers, and that they will be kept in a condition of pauperdom during the time of service? Does God's call to the ministry lay such an unreasonable demand upon those whom He calls? Does He not call the laymen, also, to exercise more grace in relation to the support of the ministry? If we must sow what we reap, what will be the harvest of the present state of things in this regard?

Apropos of this matter, let me suggest that the key of the situation in regard to the preacher's salary is largely in the hands of the presiding elder, and I am pleased to note that some elders are realizing their opportunity. Why not an increase in pastoral support all along the line in these days of prosperity and increased expenses? Certainly a condition of extreme stringency is not conducive to the best ministerial service, although some good churches seem to think so.

Is it an honor to be first in a good cause? If so, William Watters has a great honor in being the first native American itinerant

preacher of his denomination. His honor has been sung in the histories of Methodism, and his grave is marked with a simple monument. "Calvert" recently had the privilege, through the courtesy of a friend, of a visit to this church father's grave and his old home — the house still standing. The place is in Virginia, about seven miles from Washington, and is at present reached by carriage. An electric road from Washington is now being built, to be completed this fall, that will run within two hundred yards of the grave, and will furnish those who desire to visit the place a convenient opportunity to do so. On one side of the monument, which is inclosed within an iron railing, is this inscription: "Fervent in spirit, prudent in counsel, abundant in labors, skillful in winning souls, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed." On another side is this: "He was a pioneer leading the way for the vast army of American Methodist itinerants, having the everlasting Gospel to preach." On another is given his name and the dates of his birth and death: Oct. 16, 1751 — March 29, 1827. On the remaining side is the name of his wife and the statement that the stone was erected by the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is a pity that the foundation-work of the monument was so poorly done, for the stone leans more than a little, and unless the matter is remedied, it is likely to fall — and before long, I should say. It would seem that the Conference that erected the stone should see that the trouble is righted. The house where the distinguished itinerant lived for many years after locating is not far from the grave. It is a humble and well-worn structure, and the people who live in it today do not seem to know anything about the preacher who once occupied it, although a near-by neighbor keeps the information locally green.

Writing of the visit to Mr. Watters' grave, leads me to mention a visit I recently made to another noted grave — that of the "father of his country." It is not a new experience to write about, not even for your correspondent, but can one fail to visit the spot at Mt. Vernon whenever possible, and can the subject ever become trite? A beautiful place is Mt. Vernon, made more and more so each year by the society of excellent women who are caring for and improving it, full of the most wholesome information, inspiration, and suggestiveness. What a humble brick vault — it is nothing more — in which the great man and his Martha rest! But he has other monuments. The simplicity of his tomb is like the simplicity of his great life, the greatness of his life like the other monuments that adorn his name here and there. Go to Mt. Vernon a thousand times — each time will tell an old and yet a new story of simplicity, greatness, nobility unsurpassed, and each time will make the thoughtful visitor desire to live more nobly and die more unselfishly.

It is proper to say that much interest already shows itself in reference to the appointment of two new elders at the next session of this Conference. Dr. Richards and Dr. France are to retire, no doubt receiving good appointments as they both abundantly deserve, and two new men will take their places. Who? I do not know, but there are applicants, and more than two. Is there log rolling? Well, some. Will the best men be selected for the work's sake? Perhaps, but many things enter into the problem. No doubt good men will be selected.

Two matters of great interest to the capi-

tal of the nation are the new Union Depot and the American University. I put them in this order because the depot is attracting more attention, but the University is by far the more important of the undertakings. The depot is to cost \$10,000,000, and will be a wonder. The University will cost more, is not to be completed so soon as the other, but will be a greater wonder, especially to those who seek to dampen the ardor of its advocates and supporters. Dr. W. L. Davidson, secretary of the University, large in body, large in soul and mind, is just the sized man that such an undertaking needs to carry it forward, and he is succeeding. All honor to the friends of this movement! It is just like Methodism to undertake great things for God and plan largely for the future. She has always done so, and is wise in doing it in this University matter. Let our millionaires know their opportunity and build a monument to their business capacity and industry that will distinguish them for centuries.

Another matter of great moment to Washington is the new filtration plant — just opened — by which the people of the capital hope to be able to cease drinking mud. In vivid contrast to the beauty of Washington and its other delights has been the dirty water that flowed into its homes through its water system from the Potomac. It is expected that the filtration plant will not only give clean water, but lessen disease, especially typhoid, of which there has been an abundance this summer.

Our section of the country has been afflicted this summer, as other places, with numerous drowning and other accidents. Vinson Walsh, son of Thomas F. Walsh, the so-called "copper king," killed in his automobile accident at Newport, was a resident of Washington. All, no doubt, sympathize with the family of Mr. Walsh in their sad bereavement. The sympathy of your correspondent is hereby expressed, and to all who have suffered in like or similar manner during the season.

WHAT HE COULD DO

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

THERE was an anniversary mass meeting in session at the Unionville church. A good many earnest Christians were present, as well as the usual number who come more for the social enjoyment than for a spiritual uplift, and this fact had a depressing effect upon the leader of the prayer and conference meeting that followed the dainty supper served by the ladies in the church parlor.

He had been saying how he had been longing and praying for a revival, and had arrived at that point where he questioned whether there was spiritual life enough in the church to make a revival possible — everything seemed to combine to draw away from the church, and the revivals were all merely social instead of spiritual.

Just then a door leading from the great audience-room to the vestibule was left open, and these words, in a clear, girlish voice, floated in:

"No, I am not going into the prayer-meeting. I do not want to appear inconsistent. Tomorrow is my birthday, you know, and there is no telling what foolish thing I may do at my party or may induce you to do, in order that I may have the very best time in my life."

Everybody smiled, and instantly a

young man sitting well up in front was on his feet, saying:

"Tomorrow is my birthday. All through my youth I had dear home friends to make these anniversary days glad for me; then came the one that found me an orphan, alone, in a strange city, homesick, with no home, unsettled, forlorn, almost hopeless. Life, even my young life, seemed so undesirable that my lodging-house room was like a prison, from which every instinct was prompting me to escape. I know now that the Holy Spirit was striving to release me from the powers of evil. Although not a Christian, I believed in a far-away, unapproachable God, for whom I had fear sufficient to keep me from attempting to take my own life — although the temptation came to me — and to whom I cried aloud as I put on my coat and hat: 'O Lord, if there is light, Thy true light, lead me into it!'

"It was a damp, foggy evening, unpleasant to be out, but I walked on and on, block after block, with my thoughts in a tumult of questions and doubts: What was I to do? How was I to get on in this great city where by a strange complication of circumstances I found myself without friends — I, who had been sheltered in one of the best of homes all my life? Why was I so bereft? To whom could I turn for comfort in this hour of utter loneliness? Was a life that was merely a struggle for food, clothing and shelter worth the living? Was there a prospect of my ever being of any help to any one in the world?

"Just then a church door in front of me opened, on a level with the sidewalk, the light streamed out, and as a group of people in front of me entered, I heard sweet strains of music and the words: 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.' 'Poor and needy!' I repeated aloud. That means me. 'Come, ye sinners.' That stands for me also; and I asked the Lord to lead me into the light.

"Without hesitating an instant, I accepted the invitation of the hymn, approached the door, and entered. It was a large, pleasant church, well filled. There was a rousing meeting going on, the Spirit being there in mighty power. 'Jesus ready stands to save you,' was my welcome as I dropped into a seat by the door, and as I heard the short, cheering, hopeful testimonies that followed, my flagging spirits began to rise. Another verse of that inspiring hymn was sung. Surely the words, —

"All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him,"

meant me, and as the verse closed I was on my feet.

"I am a stranger," I said. 'I have no idea what church this is, only I am sure it is the Lord's church, for I feel His power.'

"That is true," responded a white-haired man who was with others on the low platform.

"And you are among God's people, and no longer a stranger. Come up nearer, brother! I am afraid of missing a word," put in another cheery voice.

"I obeyed, with no feeling of timidity, and went on with my experience:

"I have walked and walked," I said, 'and have made so many turnings that I

have no idea in what part of the city I am.'

"'God knows. God led you,' encouraged the cheerful-voiced man from the platform. 'He is leading you now. Give the Spirit utterance.'

"That was how I came to tell the whole story of my bereavement and utter loneliness, and of how it had all overshadowed me like a black fog, being my birthday, the first time I had passed it without friends.

"'Praise the Lord!' broke in the inspiring voice of the white-haired leaders, as my feelings were getting the mastery of me. 'You are homeless and alone no longer, and you will find life worth living if you will let the Holy Spirit have its way with you. Let us all kneel and pray for the brother that the Lord has guided to our fold tonight.'

"Those prayers I shall never forget. They touched my every care and need. My burden rolled away. I felt myself a member of God's visible family on earth. I realized that I was under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and my heart overflowed when these devout people thanked Him for leading me to them.

"When I was again upon my feet, before the altar, in that homelike Methodist church, I was a new man. I was, my friends. My old, cold, doubting, friendless, hopeless heart was gone, and I was possessed of a determination to become a worker for God.

"After a closing hymn and the benediction, the warm-hearted people gathered about me to take me by the hand, and one asked:

"'Just what was it that guided you in to this meeting? for the Lord always works by means;' and I replied: 'This hymn,' and began singing it. I had been called a good singer. I had belonged to a glee club and to a quartet when in school; but never before in my life had I sung like that. I recognized the fact that it was the power of the Spirit that was filling me.

"'It is a good hymn,' said the old minister. 'I love it. The young people sometimes smile when I give it out, but I am persuaded that it always touches some heart;' and another added:

"'You said just now, brother, that you did not know what you could do to help on the Lord's work. Let me tell you that you have that hymn to sing for Jesus. Sing it, brother, from the heart at every prayer-meeting you attend here or elsewhere.'

"I followed the advice. I stayed on in the city, where I soon found employment. Every evening I looked for prayer-meetings, always finding one somewhere, and I sang that hymn, being blessed myself and drawing others, until at length, through the Spirit's leadings, I became a singing evangelist, and I fear sometimes the dear old hymn I first sang for Jesus is neglected."

"Will you not sing it now?" asked the leader of the meeting, whose face showed that he was much moved by the spontaneous testimony of the stranger.

"I would not dare refuse," was the reply, and he began singing in a rich baritone voice that penetrated church, vestibule, stairways, parlors and supper-room. The young people who had been waiting

at table came in; it summoned every straggler, and the large audience-room was crowded.

Several were deeply moved, and as the last words rang out, the same clear, girlish voice that had been heard in the vestibule speaking of her birthday, said:

"It seems wonderful to me that my thoughtless remark should have led to the telling of this beautiful experience; but it must have been the way taken by the Spirit to rebuke me for my foolishness, and to prevent my falling into the deeper folly that I was planning for my birthday. I am determined to give up my party, and to ask that a meeting may be held here instead—for praise and prayer, where I may reiterate what I am glad to say now, that hereafter I will seek first the kingdom of God and will endeavor to influence my young friends to do likewise; and I hope really that it may be the very best time we have any of us had in our lives."

"And if you all join your leader in prayer, you will have a spiritual revival that will give you more social enjoyment than you have ever known, for you will all be in fullest touch with God in striving to carry on His work of winning souls," said the young man.

"I will appoint the meeting," said the leader, "with the hope that this brother who has brought so much life into our gathering tonight will remain and help lead us past the barrier of indecision into the full light of God's love."

That was the way the memorable revival that built up the church began. It marked the decline of all the merely social clubs; and its influence, proving that the power of the Holy Spirit was possible to move hearts as of yore, was felt throughout the community. It could only be explained by the fact that one earnest Christian followed the leading of the Spirit to relate his own experience instead of resisting the impulse with the excuse: "They are all strangers here; they will think I am making myself so conspicuous."

That leader confessed, later, that he had reached the point where he considered that the time had gone by when an outpouring of God's Spirit was to be expected. There are people in all our churches who are holding the same belief today despite the wonderful work of grace that has been going on in Wales, Scotland, England, and in some of the cities of our own land. Oh, that every Christian would work and pray, taking up the duty nearest at hand, believing that what we cannot do, God can do. And His blessing will follow.

Willington, Conn.

"Westernizing" of China

ACCORDING to Dr. Tong, a graduate of the University of California, who has returned to America from China as the representative of the Chinese Imperial Board of Treaty Revision, a great change is taking place in China, favorable to the adoption and assimilation of foreign ideas. Dr. Tong, who wears no queue and dresses in foreign clothes, declares that already his people practice as good hygiene as European immigrants, and should be put on equal terms with them by legislation. The contention that Chinamen would not make good citizens, he holds, is unsound, for if they had the chance to acquire American citizenship, they would take full advantage

of it, adapting themselves very largely to Western ideas and customs. The greatest advance so far made by China in assimilating its administration to Western methods is the abolishment of examinations in ancient classics as a means of preferment to Government positions, and the appointment of men who have graduated from foreign universities to positions of civic responsibility. An imperial edict has been issued providing that every province in China shall raise, train and equip on a modern basis 40,000 soldiers, and Viceroy Yuen-Shi Kai has already raised an army of that size, which is being drilled on the most approved Western methods. Another edict of far-reaching importance is one which makes it compulsory for every magistrate to establish a school in his district and to enforce the attendance of all children of school age. The curriculum to be pursued in these schools is a modern one, and embraces a course of foreign studies.

Testing of Submarines

THE submarine may be described as being at present, from the point of view of naval policy, in a condition of inventive instability. It is liable at any time to be improved upon or to be removed away, to be developed into a very effective engine of war or to be condemned to innocuous desuetude, as was the once much-talked-of dynamite destroyer, "Vesuvius." The most probable theory regarding the submarine is that it has come to stay for awhile at least, although it is not known whether it performed any effective work in the naval warfare in the Far East or not. It is certain that the submarine has already been perfected, as an aggregation of complicated machinery, to a remarkable degree, and its enthusiastic advocates declare that when all the machinery works rightly one is as safe in an immersed submarine as in a Pullman car. The question comes, however, as to the reliability of the machinery, and just now severe tests of the durability as well as manageability of these submerged little men-of-war are being made in several navies. The disaster to the French submarine "Farfadet," which the would-be rescuers failed to raise in time to save the lives of its occupants, has caused the U. S. Navy Department to issue orders that all submarines shall be equipped in future with devices that will enable grappling irons to be readily fixed to them by divers. The submarine "Plunger" carried a distinguished passenger in the person of President Roosevelt on a recent submarine voyage at Oyster Bay. Embarking on (or in) the "Plunger" in a very rough sea, the President spent three hours on board. For fifty minutes of the time the submarine was below the surface of the water. The President, under the direction of Lieutenant Nelson commanding, pulled the levers that let the water in fore and aft, guided the boat, started and stopped her, pressed the button that puts out the lights, and thoroughly tested the machinery, which worked without a hitch. A depth of thirty or forty feet was reached before the "Plunger" struck bottom. "Porpoise" diving was then practised, the boat coming to the surface for a few seconds, long enough to enable the man in command to sight an enemy, and then diving again. President Roosevelt was thoroughly pleased with his submarine trip, and warmly complimented Lieutenant Nelson and the ten members of his crew on their skill in handling the little fish-like boat.

Human lives climb up from the lowlands to the upland heights just in proportion as they do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven. — F. B. Meyer.

What Our Ministers are Preaching

Redemption of Human Life

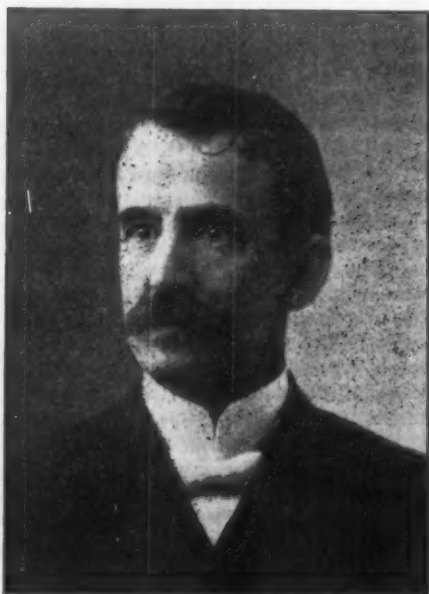
REV. GEORGE F. DURGIN.

Pastor Grace Church, Cambridge, Mass.

TEXT. — "When the fulness of time came, God sent forth His Son." — GAL. 4:4.

THE redemption of human life has a deeper meaning and a wider application than is usually found in an evangelistic exhortation or a death bed repentance. Everything that belongs to human life belongs to Christ's redemption.

1. Nature covers a human secret. That secret is as to the source, meaning and purpose of life. God holds the secret. It is a secret of spirit life. The carnal nature, the material form, physical being, earthly variation and time's necessities, keep hidden from the deeper consciousness of most men



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this secret of source, character and destiny. There is in every man an underlying consciousness that he comes from some infinitely great source, that wrapped in him is infinitely great meaning, and that back of him is a purpose in human existence as infinitely great as Deity Himself. But he suffers always under the limitations of physical being.

2. The struggle for human redemption has been as great as this three-fold secret. It parallels the history of humanity. It is the soul's struggle to break through its limitations and find the secret of its being. The struggle has had three manifestations: That of man to find God; that of man to reveal God to another man; that of God to reach men.

3. The secret is life. Life is character, quality, spirit-power, immortality. Knowledge of God is life. Christ is life, and life is dominion in all relations. To this day life seems very much a failure, but there are some examples of character, some foregleams of immortality; occasionally a man exemplifies God's secret. God has revealed as fast as men could receive. The first revelations came in nature. The Garden of Eden was God's first illustrated primer for the childhood of the race. Then came the revelations of primitive religions, of Egyptian science, Greek art and letters, Roman mastery and law. But with all these God took a special course with Israel, and the evolution marks a long process of infinite love and patience with men. Four great epochs in Israel's history mark the movement toward the fullness of time when God could reveal His full character. The first

is the epoch of faith, and Abraham is its type. Out of the uncertainties one man came to find, to sense, the one true God. Abram believed—his name was called Abraham; faith had its revelation, its establishment, and has never failed from among men.

The second movement is that in which men came to understand that they held relationships. It is the epoch of law. Moses is its type. Men now felt their relations to God and understood their mutual obligations.

The third epoch is marked in David by the transition from the worship of ordered, authorized sacrifice and offering to the devotion of spirit; the incense of affection takes the place of required offerings and the heart's devotion sings: "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

The fourth is the establishment of the forward look. Prophecy pierces the future. Hope is faith's perspective. We are saved by hope. Isaiah, perhaps, may stand for its type. Hope becomes an anchor to the soul, sure, steadfast. These four, in their order, came to possess the thoughts of some men. Faith, relationship, devotion, hope, the fullness of preparation—then God sent forth His Son. Christ was the fulfillment of all these. He incarnated God for faith. He honored God, respected men, and added the Samaritan story. He made the mountain His sanctuary, a well-curbing His pulpit and chancel. He declared worship must be devotion in spirit and truth. He vitalized hope, saying: "I will come again; I will receive you."

These elements make Christian living, get the secret of life from God, find peace, receive the adoption of sons, cry "Abba, Father."

Thomas, the Honest Doubter

REV. VINCENT RAVI.

Pastor Winchester (Mass.) Church.

TEXT. — "The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." — JOHN 20:25.

IT is held against Thomas that he doubted. It would have been more wonderful had he not doubted; for had he not seen Jesus crucified and heard the deep expiring groan? Is it any wonder that he wanted to touch and see for himself before believing that the selisame Jesus had shattered the shackles of the grave and come forth victorious over death?

He was not an easy-going soul unable to interpret the significance of events. The resurrection proved Christ to be a supernatural being. It confirmed His claims and teaching, proving Him to be the fulfillment of prophecy. It proved the soul to be independent of the body. It furnished grounds for faith in the soul's immortality.

Is it an unpardonable sin to doubt? Then every great soul has sinned, for every great soul has had its moments of doubt. The Christian world has supposed that a veritable devil with horns and hoofs came forth from the lairs of the wilderness to tempt the Christ. Not so. The evangelist in graphic language describes a psychological fact in the life of Jesus at the beginning of His ministry.

Occasionally you meet people who say that they have never doubted. The absence of doubt does not necessarily imply the presence of faith. What some of us call faith is nothing more than blind assent

to creeds and dogmas that we do not understand.

As soon as one goes deeper than the surface one finds much reason for anxious thought, for we live in a world of mystery. The existence of God, His character, His revelations, are mysterious. Who can fathom the depths of Christ's personality? The problem of evil is in another mystery. What about this world, what is its cause, its end, its reason for being? What about the ancient query: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Do you boast of never hav-



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ing doubted? Then you are boasting of the shallowness of your soul and the poverty of your intellect.

There are two classes of doubters: First, the professional doubter. He is a contemptible person, for he does not rejoice in the truth, but in his doubts. He worries lest he should find the truth and be compelled to acknowledge his error. To me the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost consists in barring the windows and doors of the soul against the truth. Second, the honest doubter. This man does not doubt for the sake of doubting, but because above all else he loves the truth, and hence is determined to eliminate error from his creed and life.

How may I know that I am not a professional doubter? If while in doubt I am experiencing the wretchedness of doubt; if the suspense is almost unbearable. Thomas, we may be sure, did not enjoy the week which intervened between the first and second apparition of Christ in the upper room. During the forty days in which Jesus settled the great problems of His life and mission He could not eat nor rest.

Again, we may be tolerably sure that we are honest in our doubt if the discovery of the truth gives supreme satisfaction. The joy of the child of God who has found the truth and holds it in his heart can be felt, but scarcely described.

The practical lesson to be drawn from Thomas' experience is that God does not leave the honest doubter in the dark, but comes to him with the message of peace. Jesus took special pains to appear to Thomas. The time comes in the quest of the truth when the truth comes forth to meet us and make us free. The time comes when reason and faith are joined together, and the two bear the soul up into the very presence of God's white throne.

Hands with Six Fingers

REV. A. H. NAZARIAN.

Pastor Mt. Bellingham Church, Chelsea, Mass.

TEXT. — "And there was yet a battle in Gath, where was a man of great stature, that had on every hand six fingers." — 2 SAM. 21:20.

THE hand is a wonderful instrument. With it we give friendly recognition, and write and carve and build. Just think! Only four fingers and a thumb, yet there is not money enough in all the world to buy a machine nearly so useful and wonderful as the hand.

The hands pointed out in our text are most suggestive. They are hands with six fingers. It is gratifying to meet in our own times men and women who have hands with six fingers, who live the overflowing and the abounding life. There are too many lives that are content to live in the minus quantity — minus in the intellectual sphere, minus in moral worth and character, minus in spiritual strength and power, men and women who keep continually behind the times. There are too many two and three and four fingered Christians. The hands that achieve success and win victories are those with six fingers — hands which, while ministering to one's own needs and necessities with the five fingers, have the spare finger for others. The hand with the six fingers means the spare hour for the work of mercy and help, the spare dollar for some benevolent object, the spare steps of a daughter in helping an overworked mother, the spare word of kindness to cheer and bless some broken

a sermon, of a friend. Hands are deaf and dumb, but they can be made the instruments of tender, kind hearts. Christ's was a helping hand. He never turned aside the hungry, the halt and the blind, who came to Him for help.

4. *Open hands* are also hands with six fingers. God has an open hand. "Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." A question arose once among a group of young women as to whose hands were the most beautiful. The shape of fingers, the whiteness of the skin, and other things, were compared. It was finally agreed that the most beautiful hand is the hand that gives.

5. *Clean hands* come under this category. This type of hands stands for practical righteousness; hands that stand for a clean life and honest practice; hands that are not polluted with unjust gain.

6. *Holy hands lifted up in prayer* may also be mentioned among hands with six fingers. It was Paul's direction to Timothy that "men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands." These are hands conscious of one's own insufficiency, and of the infinite source of Divine power, grace and love. It is a poor religious life that pays only a daily visit of three hasty minutes to God. The holy hands lifted up to heaven keep the heart in constant touch with God's reservoir; they are the Christian's guarantee of that abounding life that is ever giving, but is never empty.

MY FIRST SUNDAY AT OLD UMTALI, AFRICA

REV. SHIRLEY D. COFFIN.

IT was a beautiful morning. Mounted on donkeys, Rev. John M. Springer and I started at 7 o'clock for some mines where native men are employed as laborers, taking with us a few young men from the school to assist.

About an hour's ride over the mountain brought us to our first stopping-place. Here we found a large group of natives and held a service, which consisted of singing some good Gospel hymns that have been translated into Chinyika (the language of Mashonaland), a simple straight sermon, and prayer offered by one of the students.

Bidding these good-by, we rode on a little further to another mine, where we found a still larger number of men. This was to me a most interesting and impressive service. They were a new lot of men all from a kraal (native village) many miles away that had never been visited by a missionary, so they had not before heard of the world's Saviour. They gathered around us and listened with closest attention to the old, old story, and then for the first time in their lives knelt in prayer to the Great Father of all mankind in the name of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. Then our young men sang that simple old hymn, "Jesus Loves Me," over a number of times, until these men had learned to sing it themselves. As we prepared to leave them they said to us: "Come again. Speak to us more of those words and teach us more of those songs, so that when we return to our homes we can carry them to our families and friends."

This was four weeks ago. I have held three meetings with these same men since. Last Sunday, before reaching their huts, we heard them singing a hymn they had learned, and on meeting with them, by their greeting, their general attitude and interested questions, we could tell that some of "the Light whose dawning maketh all things new" had penetrated their uncultivated intellects and found its place in their hearts and lives. Assuring them of

future visits, we returned to the mission, reaching it as the students' prayer-meeting was closing, and just in time to attend the English service that is held in the mission church each Sunday morning for the miners and their families who live in the vicinity.

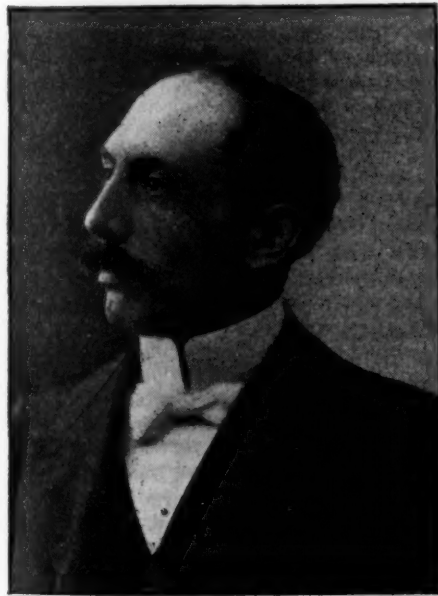
As Conference had just closed, Bishop Hartzell was with us, and preached to this congregation — taking as his text 1 Thess. 1:15 — a most excellent sermon, that left its impress on the hearts of all present. The usual native service was held in the afternoon, the Bishop baptizing two young men, administering holy communion, and addressing the students, after which he accompanied us to mines in another direction from those visited in the morning. Here a service similar to the first described was held. The last service of the day was conducted by Mr. Springer, who with the aid of a stereopticon vividly placed before the audience Christ's life, His power and His love. This brought to a close the effort of the day. Just what was accomplished only He in whose name it was made knows; but this we know, all who participated felt that it was good to be alive in this day and generation, and a great privilege to work in Africa for God and our brother man.

I most earnestly commend each phase of the work at this Methodist Episcopal Mission as in every way worthy of the prayers and interest of all. The school affords us the opportunity not only to educate, but also to implant Christian character and ideals in the best native men and women. The farm and industrial department places before them the dignity of good honest labor, and fits them in a practical way for useful occupation and a higher plane of living. The location presents opportunities peculiar to itself. Within a few miles are many native villages, in which out-stations and preaching places are being established. The work at the mines which has been described is sure to yield large results. These native men come from all over the country, many from districts in which the Gospel message has not been heard. They remain in our vicinity only a few months, and then return to their homes and people, but in that time the seed has been sown and they carry it with them as they go. Doubtless some falls by the wayside, some on stony ground or among thorns, and only becomes prey to the ignorance, superstition and immorality with which Africa is shrouded; but some, and we believe much, falls on good ground where it will bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, or a hundred-fold.

I came here expecting to find that the need and opportunity occasioned by that need were to some extent exaggerated and overestimated in the home church. This expectation was far from correct. I am now strongly of the opinion that justice has not as yet been done to the opportunity presented by Africa's need of and hunger for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The harvest, which is white already, truly is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers!

Old Umtali, Rhodesia, Africa.

— Looking into the future is much like following a forest path. As one looks ahead the way often seems to be blocked. Still, as one keeps plodding on, the way opens before him so that he can see as much as he needs to see. To stop because the way is not all visible would be folly. So one is to go on with life's plans, following up in confidence what he can see and letting the way open as he proceeds. — Wellspring.



REV. A. H. NAZARIAN

heart. Men and women who have most blessed the world are those whose hands had six fingers. Let us name some:

1. *Trained hands.* Trained in mind, heart, hands, habits and life. The Scotch proverb says: "Birth's good, but breedin's better." A trained hand means a more accomplished hand; a trained mind means a stronger mind; a trained preacher means an abler preacher. Moral and spiritual training means a character more highly developed, not only better fortified against sin and temptation, but better prepared for an aggressive Christian life.

2. *Busy hands* are hands with six fingers. Industry is one of the pet laws of nature, and as Perikander, one of the seven wise men of Greece, said: "Nothing is impossible to industry." The hands of Jesus were ever busy. "He went about doing good."

3. *Helping hands* also have six fingers. We speak of a book that has helped us, of

THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

EMMA A. LENTE.

She had but donned her emerald robes,
And strung her harp in tune,
Scarcely had withered in her crown
The royal rose of June —
Daisies yet snowed about her feet,
The glad birds sang her praise,
The glory of the land was hers,
And bounty blessed her days —
When, floating softly down the wind,
She heard a strange, sweet call
That wooed her gentle soul until
She dropped her treasures all,
And, smiling eyed, she wandered forth
Upon an unseen way;
And we who loved her so, have but
A dream of yesterday!

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

O keeper of the lighthouse, dost thou peer
Into the darkness, searching for the ships
Thy friendly lamp is warning from the rocks
And guiding to the port of peace? Dost thou
Not see them? No; the clouds, the rocks, the
spray
Of maddened ocean hide them from thy view.
But He, who never slumbers, makes the light,
By thee attended, pierce the gloom and cheer
The seaman to the haven of his hopes.

— PROF. JAMES A. QUARLES, in *Westminster*.

It is a matter of economy to be happy, to
view life and all its conditions from the
brightest angle; it enables one to seize life
at its very best. It expands the soul. —
H. W. Dresser.

We shall be glad — really glad — of
everything that has come to us, no matter
if it is sorrow or pain, when we find that
our experience fits some one else's need —
that some one else can build on our lives.
— *Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.*

You may think, in looking out upon the
world, that the great difference between
people is that some have many things to
enjoy and others very few; when you
know them better you will find that a
greater difference is that some have great
power to enjoy and others very little. —
Rhondda Williams.

We are all seeking the kingdom of God,
and the claims of that kingdom are para-
mount. Not only are we needed for un-
ceasing service, but we need such service
for our own souls. We cannot grow strong
in the Christian life through intermittent
activity and spasmodic devotion. One
summer of suspended spiritual animation
means a severe loss of power for the soul.
— *Rev. Ozora S. Davis.*

Up on the coast of Nova Scotia are stag-
nant ponds of water covered with green
scum. They are shut off from the incom-
ing tide by dykes of gravel, either natural
or artificial. If the tide could sweep into
those slimy pools it would cleanse and
sweeten and renew them daily. But what
would be life to them is shut out. God's
Spirit is like that tide. It floods every hu-
man inlet that is not choked. If our spir-
itual lives are stagnant and impotent, it is
because we have reared dykes of disobe-
dience that keep the tide out. — *Christian
Endeavor World.*

One of the most serious dangers of incon-
solable sorrow is that it may lead us to

neglect our duty to the living in our
mourning for the dead. This we should
never do. God does not desire us to give
up our work because our heart is broken.
We may not even pause long with our sor-
rows; we may not sit down beside the
graves of our dead and linger there, cher-
ishing our grief. "Let the dead bury
their own dead," said the Master, to one
who wished to bury his father, and then
follow Him; "but go thou and publish
abroad the kingdom of God." Not even
the tender offices of love might detain him
who was called to the higher service. The
lesson is for all, and for all time. Duty
ever presses, and we have scarcely laid our
dead away out of our sight before its ear-
nest calls that will not be denied are
sounding in our ears, bidding us hasten to
new tasks. — *J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Yonder is a factory with a thousand
wheels, but it is low water. Now only fifty
of the thousand wheels are in motion; but
after awhile the spring freshets come and
the floods roll down, and now all the thou-
sand wheels have bands on them and are
in full motion. Before a man becomes a
Christian only a part of his nature is in
activity and employment. The grace of
God comes in with powerful floods of
mercy and new impetus to action, and
now instead of the fifty faculties, or fifty
wheels, there are a thousand all in play
and in full motion. — *T. De Witt Talmage.*

Paul gives us a good many short cuts
across from the low level to the high.
There's one in the twelfth chapter o'
Romans, and in the first verse: "I beseech
you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that
ye present your bodies a livin' sacrifice,
holy, acceptable unto God, which is your
reasonable service." Now, seems to me,
that's plain enough for anybody. Here's
the house, a three storied house, consistin'
o' body, soul, and spirit. You go on
month after month, an' year after year,
sayin' what you'd like to do, an' what you
mean to do. I've heard scores o' sermons
about this text, an' heard it talked about
hundreds o' times, and I've heard folks
say in their prayers that they desired to do
it. But hearin' about it, an' talkin'
about it, an' prayin' about it, like
that, isn't a morsel o' good. Here, take
the key, and go right away and give it
up to the Lord once for all, and have done
with it. We go dilly-dallying about it
year after year, till the old walls fall in,
and there's nothing left but a heap o' rub-
bish. "Present your bodies," says Paul.
Go in before the Lord, and say: "Here I
am, Lord! take me altogether, Thine and
Thine forevermore." Give Him the house
an' let us just sweep the rooms an' keep it
so nice as ever we can for Him. The Lord
help us, every one, to be high-level Chris-
tians! — *Daniel Quorum.*

If one is not, at the present hour, living
in heaven, it is, manifestly, his own fault.
Perhaps we must admit that most of us are
not so living; that we awaken in the
morning and close our eyes to sleep at
night under a burden of mingled pain,
sadness, discord; conscious, it may be, of
being misinterpreted and misunderstood;
and, on our own part, perhaps misinter-
preting and misunderstanding others until
all the fine gold of life is fretted away, and
the time — all the days and months and
years that should be beautiful, joyous,
filled with noble achievement and gener-
ous outgiving; with sympathetic joy in all
the good of others — come to be, instead,

entangled with hopelessness and thus par-
alyzed into inactivity. Such a condition as
this may come without conscious or inten-
tional fault of one's own; it may arise out
of circumstances, events, occurrences over
whose course one holds no direct control.
One suddenly finds himself entangled in
this network of circumstances that seem
adverse on every side; that fairly paralyze
his energies. And where is the remedy?
What can he do? He is "shut out of the
heaven of spirit." What can he do but
realize the everlasting truth in the counsel
of Jesus: "Knock, and it shall be opened
unto you." The door that closed shall
open. The peace and radiance that seemed
lost shall be regained. The "heaven of
spirit" is always ready; one may regain it
through prayer and the uplift of the heart
to God. — *LILIAN WHITING, in "The Out-
look Beautiful."*

Old as I am, it is only last summer that I
became able to float in the water. And
after I had done it, it was as easy as lying
in bed. Before I knew how, I had gone
down like a log every time I attempted it.
Sometimes it would be my feet, sometimes
my head; sometimes the trouble would be
in the water, which seemed too thin. In the
course of my operations I swallowed
enough of the Atlantic Ocean to produce
low tide. And then, one fortunate moment,
I got desperate and said, "Let yourself go,
let yourself go!" I took a big breath, I
threw back my head, I flung my body out
straight, and down I went as usual; and
then — I slowly rose. Ah! the delicious
sensation, to feel the water beneath me
like a liquid swaying couch, to lie out there
upon it drifting and bending as I chose, to
allow myself to be tossed by the waves, and
to feel myself at one with the sea! And to
think that it was so easy, after all!

This is the way with the life of faith. We
see others living in perfect peace, and we
long for their peace. We theorize about it,
but our theories don't seem to work out.
We say that we will trust ourselves to God,
and the first wave of worry knocks us over.
We remind ourselves how firm and constant
is God's love, and persuade ourselves that
it will uphold us in any trouble, and then
down into that sea of trouble we go again.
And so we flounder on. But some glad day
we really do what we have been thinking
about and talking about; we really give
ourselves up to God; we really feel under-
neath us the everlasting arms; we lie down
in the bosom of the Almighty. And it is
so easy! We never can forget it. We are
filled with wonder that we found it so hard
and that we blundered at it so long. All
we needed to do was to let ourselves go, to
give up; and that we have done at last. —
Amos R. Wells.

Care

Goes with me everywhere.
The broken lights upon the sea,
The star-lamps shining lustreously,
God's great wide world of field and moor,
The lofty cliffs that guard the shore —
I turn from all to meet the face
Of one who shows me little grace,

For Care

Is with me everywhere

And One

Whose light is as the sun,
Whose pity never comes too late
Whose pardon, like Himself, is great,
Knows me unworthy, yet no less
Lingers in His sweet gentleness;
Jesus, my Saviour, takes my care
And He is with me everywhere;

For He

In life or death abides with me.

— *Susan Teall Perry.*

MOUNTAIN-TOPS

KATE S. GATES.

"MR. Bixby sent word that she couldn't come to work for you tomorrow because she is sick abed, and Mr. Bixby is feeling very poorly," said Tom Edwards, one night, when he came in to supper.

"Oh, deary me!" sighed grandma. "I don't suppose they've got much of anything to eat in the house. We must send something down to them. It does seem as if they were always in trouble of some sort."

"But I haven't as much sympathy for them as I should have if I didn't know that they brought a good deal of their trouble upon themselves," said Ruth, rather sharply. "I remember reading once that a man who lived in a swamp prayed earnestly every day for health. 'Pray from the hill-top, and your prayer will be answered,' said Jupiter. I thought of that when the Bixbys moved down there in that old hollow. They could have had the Denslow place for the same price—that is up on the hill, you know, and has a splendid garden back of the house. But Mrs. Bixby wouldn't go there because there weren't any real near neighbors. She did like to go to the door and 'pass the time o' day with folks,' she said."

"Perhaps," suggested Aunt Margaret, gently, "we should all be better off if we lived higher up. Here's a little something I ran across the other day: 'Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.' And I must tell you about my finding it. I had been in town shopping, and hadn't found just what I wanted, and I felt tired and irritable. As I sat resting I took up the evening paper and read an account of a murder, a tornado, a railroad wreck, and a gigantic swindling affair. I seemed possessed to read it all, and really I was beginning to feel as if there was nothing good or pleasant in the world. I turned the paper over to see if there weren't some more horrors for me to read, I suppose, and there at the top of the page—it was the literary page—was this little fragment; and as I looked farther on, I saw several items about the work good earnest men and women were doing to help others. Why, you've no idea how differently I felt in just a few minutes! I had gotten higher up, you see, and life seemed brighter and better."

"I've got an observation to offer on the subject," said Tom, half laughingly, half bashfully. "It is something I saw not long since, but I've only just made the observation. Mrs. Van Camp and Mrs. Graham sat in the seat in front of me on the car, the other day. Mrs. Van is the silliest, most empty-headed specimen I know. Her pet dog, Fido, had strayed off somewhere, and she was afraid he was lost. Well, she talked the whole continual time about how perfectly wretched she was without him. She was 'all wrapped up in him,' she said, and she had neither eaten nor slept since he had gone, and I don't know what else. Poor Mrs. Graham, who lost her three little children with diphtheria last year,

listened so patiently, and suggested this and that about finding the miserable pup. Mrs. Van did finally have a glimmering of sense. 'I expect you are rather lonely, too, aren't you?' she said. Think of that, will you? I could have punched her with a good will. Mrs. Graham's eyes filled with tears, and she simply couldn't speak for a minute or two. 'I know now how to sympathize with any one who is sad and lonely,' she said, 'and I am thankful if I can do anything to comfort them.' I couldn't help thinking of them when you were talking. A dog, at the best, seems to me a pretty trifling affair to be 'all wrapped up' in; but when any one can forget herself and her own sorrow, and be patient and sympathetic with selfishness like that, she doesn't need to talk about her religion—it's the real thing, and speaks for itself. That's my observation," and Tom was gone before any application could be made.

"I often think," said Aunt Margaret, as the door closed after him, "that it would be well for us to remember that Christ said: 'Let your light shine,' not, 'Let your lips speak.' If our hearts are full, the words will come undoubtedly, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;' but they will be words of power. If we look much up into His face it must needs be that our faces shine, whether we wist of it or not."

Longmeadow, Mass.

Telling the Truth

WHENEVER Mrs. Joshua Ely declared that for her part she believed in speaking the truth and not mincing matters, her hearers knew that somebody's reputation was about to suffer. Mrs. Ely herself said that she always had been outspoken, and she always intended to be. Her neighbors said—various things. The fact of the matter was that as Mrs. Ely was the possessor, in addition to her sharp tongue, of an imposing presence and much force of character, nobody in the village dared openly oppose her.

Nobody, that is, until the new minister's wife came. The new minister's wife was a slender, girlish-looking creature whom Mrs. Ely "sized up" at once as being one of those women who need somebody to form their opinions for them, and this responsible duty she promptly took upon herself. She was the first to call, and in the course of a long monologue she enlightened the minister's wife in regard to the failings of a large number of her husband's parishioners.

"I think it is better to know the truth in the first place," she declared, "slowing up" a moment for breath.

In her absorption in her theme, she had not noticed how the color had risen in the little woman's face, nor that she had been waiting for an opportunity to speak. Now she spoke with quick earnestness:

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Ely, only don't you think that, after all, there is nothing so difficult to know as the truth? Because, of course, the truth about a person means the whole person; it is no more fair to pick out one trait and call that the truth than it would be to define a rose-bush as a bush with thorns. That is true, but it is only a part, and very small part, of the truth."

"I've thought a good deal about this since I've been a minister's wife, and I've made up my mind to learn just as much of the truth as I possibly can. This is especially necessary in coming to a new place,

where we don't know anybody; and that's why I'm so glad that you came in this afternoon."

"You are just the one to help me, you've lived here so long and know everybody so well. I'm going to ask you, just as a beginning toward the truth, if you won't go over the list of church members with me, and tell me the very finest and bravest thing you know about everybody. You've no idea how it will help."

What Mrs. Ely said is not recorded, but watchful neighbors reported that something must have happened at the minister's, for Mrs. Ely "looked real sort of queer" when she came out. — *Youth's Companion*.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

"All sunshine makes the desert,"

The Arab proverb says;

The verdure and the harvest

Come through the rainy days,

The flowers in their fragrance,

The forests in their pride,

Come through the clouds that darken,

The storm which rages wide.

"All sunshine makes the desert,"

The soul that knows not pain

Lies in its careless blisses

And barren must remain.

Not till the storm clouds gather,

Not till the tempests break,

Can seeds of greatness quicken,

Can powers of good awake.

"All sunshine make the desert."

The highest ends of life

Lie not within its raptures,

But on, through stress and strife;

And all our noblest powers

Of faith and hope and love

Come with the falling showers

From out God's heaven above.

— PRISCILLA LEONARD, in *Youth's Companion*.

JOAN'S CHANCE

HILDA RICHMOND.

JOAN sat looking out of her window, but she saw nothing of the cottages and the familiar elm trees before her kindling eyes. Her history lay open in her lap at the worn pages telling of the splendid deeds of Joan of Arc. In thought Joan was living over again that noble but sad life, and she was lost to the beauty and perfume and sweetness of the world on this exquisite summer morning.

"If only one had a chance to do heroic things now!" she mused, resting her chin in her hands. "Papa always laughs at me, and says it's more heroic to do one's tasks well and the little things at home than to lead armies to battle, but you never read in history of the girls who just do well at home. Even if I could only save some one's life, I should be perfectly happy, but nothing ever happens in a town like this."

"Joan," called her mother's voice from downstairs, "I want you to go to the grocery for some molasses right away. I am baking gingerbread, and have only one cup of syrup. Hurry, dear!"

"I'm busy making my bed," said Joan, beginning to beat the pillows vigorously. "Can't Helen go? It's her turn, anyway." Going for syrup meant carrying the little, old-fashioned jug to the grocery that had held the sticky sweet stuff for three generations of Fords, and Joan fairly hated the innocent vessel.

"Helen has been helping me all the

morning," said Mrs. Ford, "while you have done nothing but attend to your room. If she goes, you will have to help me with the dinner presently."

"All right!" called Joan at once. Mamie Hunt was to call in an hour to practice some music with her, and she knew her easy-going mother would allow her to escape to the cool sitting room, and do the cooking herself. "Helen enjoys doing those things," said Joan to herself, watching her sister trudge off with the brown jug. "She hasn't a soul above the common things of life, but I never want to do unpoetical work."

Mr. Ford would have said his fifteen-year-old Joan had too much nonsense in her soul if he could have heard this remarkable statement, but the wise robin in the tree never told on her. Mrs. Ford always said Joan would get over her romantic notions in a few years, and Helen thought her sister the most wonderful person in the world. Perhaps the homage Helen paid her helped to make Joan believe herself that she was a wonderful person, but certain it was that Helen waited on her like a devoted slave.

Mamie Hunt came just as Joan was daintily picking over the lettuce leaves in the kitchen, which was the first task her mother asked her to do, and ten minutes later Helen's nimble fingers were washing the green leaves while the piano tinkled merrily. At dinner time Joan was unpoetical enough to enjoy a hearty meal, but before time to wash the dishes she remembered that her head ached too much to venture into the heated kitchen.

"I wonder what makes that baby scream so," said Helen, as she and her sister hurried to the railroad station, a few days later. "I'll just run in and see."

"And be late for the train," said Joan, impatiently. "You know children are always crying, so come on. Every one of the class went before you got dressed, and I'm sure the train will whistle before we get there."

"You run on if you want to, but I'm going to stop a minute. Babies don't cry like that for nothing," said sturdy Helen.

"You'll be late," warned Joan. "There's the whistle now," and she hurried toward the station a few rods away, while her sister resolutely opened the door of the tumble-down cottage and went in.

The Sunday-school Joan and Helen attended gave a picnic at a little resort fifteen miles away, and a special car had been put on the morning train for the children, so that all would be under the care of grown-up people and could easily be kept together. The train was just pulling into the village when Joan arrived a little out of breath, but there was plenty of time for all to get aboard. Helen did not appear, and missed the picnic, as there were no more trains in that direction till afternoon.

"Is Helen sick?" inquired Mrs. Lee, carefully collecting her class around her. "I thought I saw her all ready to come as I drove past your house a little while ago, Joan."

"She isn't sick, but she stopped in at Murdock's and missed the train," explained Joan. "That baby was screaming, as it always is, and she went in to see

what was the matter. I told her the train was coming, but she went anyway."

"I am very sorry, for she is such a faithful little scholar," said her teacher, regretfully. "Girls, we must remember to save her some candy and cake."

Back at the cottage Helen was soothing a wee girl of three years who was almost exhausted from screaming. "There! there!" she murmured, as the poor child tried to hide behind an old bed. "Come, darling, I won't hurt you," and she succeeded in taking the frightened little creature in her arms. Just as she was wondering where Mrs. Murdock could be, the train whistled, and, running to the door, she saw it pull out with all the children waving their handkerchiefs to the fathers and mothers left on the platform.

Some hot tears dropped on the child's dirty dress as Helen realized her day's pleasure was spoiled, but she went on softly singing to her charge. Expecting to see the child's mother every minute, she rocked on and on in the old chair till the baby fell asleep, but still no one came in. At last the tired girl rose and looked in the two other rooms of the house, but they were deserted. She waited what seemed to her ages longer, and then started home.

Her arms ached long before she got there, and it was a very forlorn little girl that walked into the kitchen to surprise Mrs. Ford, who had just been thinking of her two daughters enjoying the merry time in the grove by the lake. Her pretty white dress was hopelessly rumpled, and the butterfly bow that had rested on her sunny hair was tightly clutched in the baby's dimpled hand.

"It's that Murdock baby, mamma," she said. "Her mother wasn't at home, and she was screaming just dreadful when Joan and I went past. Joan went on to the picnic, but I couldn't leave the poor little thing alone there, could I?"

"Of course not, dear," said Mrs. Ford, kissing the tired, tear-stained face. "You did exactly right, but I'm afraid the baby's mother will be worried. I didn't know they had a child like this," and she carefully laid the still sleeping little girl on the lounge in the dining-room. "We'll get papa to call at the house when he goes back from dinner, and perhaps the careless mother will be home by that time."

But when Mr. Ford heard the story, he looked worried, and said: "Those people moved out of town last night. The ticket agent told me that Mrs. Murdock and the baby left on the nine o'clock train to visit in Chicago, the woman said, but she didn't buy a ticket for herself, and her husband wasn't with her. It seems they have deserted one of their children if Helen found this little one alone in the house. I will report the case to the authorities at once."

The baby, who by this time had been washed and dressed in an old apron belonging to Helen, pounded on the table, and cried out: "Me hungry." Mrs. Ford laughed, and said: "We'll all have dinner, baby, and then we'll see about you. I can't think, James, that any one would desert a child, and the Murdocks always acted like respectable people even if they were very poor."

"But, my dear, it isn't likely Brooks could be mistaken, for so few passengers leave here he has time to know all about them. She is a dear child, and if no one wants her, we'll keep her for a plaything for Helen," said Mr. Ford, pinching his daughter's cheek softly.

"O papa, I hope no one will want her but us," said Helen, squeezing the little mite till she cried. "It's just like a fairy story, isn't it?"

"It surely is," said Papa Ford, not liking his little girl to know that cruel people often run away from their children. "She is tiny enough to be a for-sure fairy, too."

By night every one in the village knew the story, and great was the indignation. A careful search of the deserted house showed the fact that the family must have left in haste, for the furniture was just as they had used it, and nothing but what clothes could be taken in satchels had been packed. Helen almost forgot her disappointment over the picnic in thinking the dear little girl was her very own, and Mrs. Ford hastily made the baby a new dress so she could get rid of the troublesome apron.

"We had the best time at the picnic," said Joan, coming home tired but perfectly happy. "Of course it was nice of you to bring the child here," she said when she had heard the wonderful story, "but some one else would have found her in a little while. We don't have chances to go to picnics every day."

"Mamma said I did just what was right," said Helen, stoutly, as she hugged the baby closer. "She's worth all the picnics in the world, and I'm going to call her Bertha after mamma, even if she does say her name is Helen."

And Joan thought she was worth missing a great many picnics for, when her frantic parents from the city found her a few days later. The Murdocks had been holding her for a ransom for some professional thieves, and, becoming alarmed over the news that the police were about to arrest them, they suddenly left the quiet village and were never seen again.

Helen shed some tears when she lost her fairy, but she smiled over the beautiful presents little Helen's mother gave her, and she could not help rejoicing to think the poor mother had found the baby she had mourned so long.

"I was always wishing for a chance," said Joan, shutting her history with a bang, "and when it came I ran away and left it. Helen has had her picture in all the papers, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson will never forget her as long as they live, just because she did what any one could have done. I guess papa must have been right when he said, 'The path of duty is the way to glory,'" and she looked up at the pretty framed motto Mr. Ford had hung in his daughter's room at Christmas to inspire her to nobler living. "I'm going to begin this very minute," and down she ran to wash the dinner dishes while her mother and Helen chatted with baby Helen's mother in the sitting-room.

— A Southern gentleman tells of some wonderful "revival meetings" held under the auspices of an aged darky in a town of Alabama. He had never been ordained,

being apparently content to remain a plain "exhorter," and this occasioned considerable perplexity in his congregation. Finally some one asked the old man about it.

"Well," he replied, "dis is de reason. W'en you's a preacher you's got to have a text an' stick close to it; but w'en you're only a exhorter you kin branch." — *Exchange.*

the broken pot can be taken apart, and with a sharp knife the upper part of the plant severed from its main stalk. With the mass of roots growing on the upper stem, it is possible to transplant immediately in sand and rich soil, so that a perfect new plant can be obtained for winter use. It is growing on its own roots, and it will quickly develop and produce flowers. This method is excellent for obtaining new

\$50 up, especially if the lumber is obtained second-hand and much of the work is performed by the owner. Plenty of rich soil and well-composed fertilizer must be kept in the greenhouse or in the barn or cellar stowed away in barrels for winter use. Plants that show weakness in winter can often be revived by repotting in good soil, and some diseases cannot be checked by any other method.

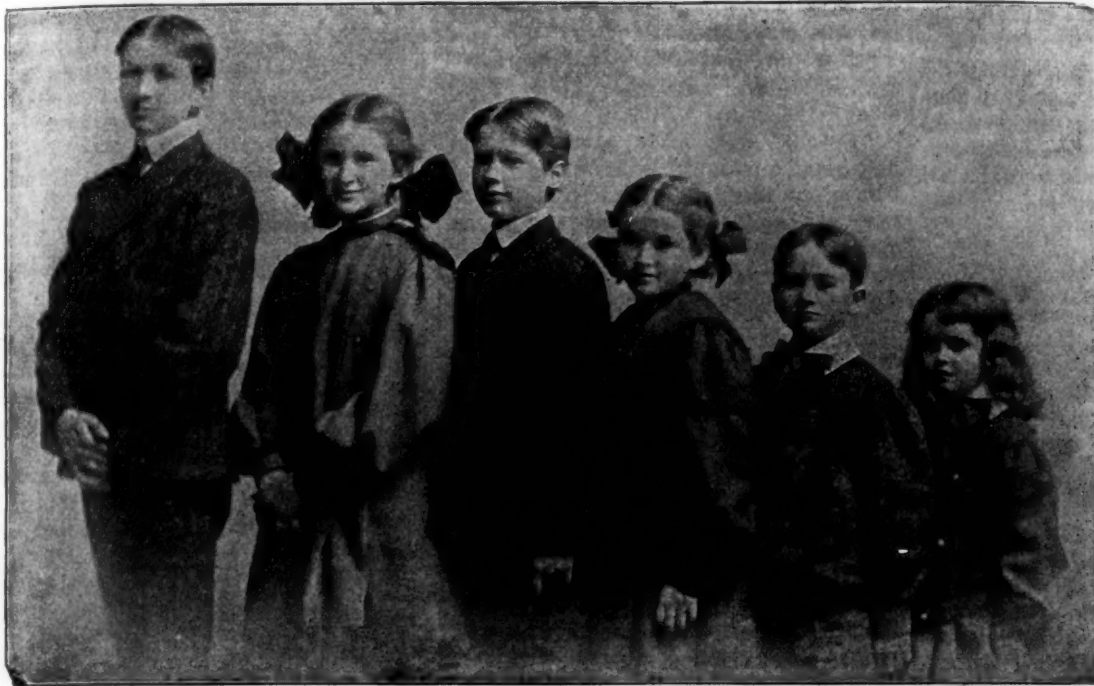
Keeping Roots by a New Method

Root plants that are gathered late in autumn are usually piled up in some cellar and left there until needed in spring. A much better way is to wrap them in spagnum or other moss, roll them in newspapers, and suspend them in a large gunny sack from the roof of the cellar. The moss keeps the moisture of the roots from evaporating too rapidly, and the paper protects them from any unusual dampness of the cellar. Likewise a very equable temperature is obtained in this way, and mice and other vermin are prevented from injuring them. There will be scarcely a root lost when wintered in this fashion, and not as much can be said for the old way.

Seeds Which Live

If we only knew it, about forty per cent. of the seeds which we gather in the ordinary way from the garden in the autumn are destined never to reproduce their kind. They are infertile, weak in vitality, injured by insects, or produced from plants which are not worthy of perpetuation. In the spring of the year such seeds should all be tested before used, but a little precaution in the fall will save a good deal of trouble and dis-

appointment. Select the choicest plants for seeds, and tag each flower-stalk that produces the handsomest flowers with a check containing a few words of information. The date of blooming should be given, the length of time the flower lasts, its relative size and coloring, the kind of soil and exposure in the garden surrounding it, and any additional data that may be of value. Take seeds only from such tagged flower-stalks. Keep them separate in small manila paper bags or envelopes. Before putting them away for the winter expose them to the wind and sun to dry, and then subject them to a slight heating or steaming process. This should be done carefully, so as not to injure the seeds, but sufficient heat must be given to drive out any worms or insects that may have lodged in them. The heat of the stove or steam will drive the insects out in a few moments. Then immediately seal up in paper envelopes, label each one, and tie them all in a larger paper bag. The latter should be made as tight as possible to keep out insects which may try to lay their eggs inside. Suspend by silk cord from the rafters of the room where they are to be win-



BISHOP THOBURN'S FAMILY

Courtesy of Northwestern Christian Advocate.

WHEN Bishop Thoburn returned from India for the first time, at the beginning of 1864, he brought with him a motherless child, a little more than a year old. After his return to India this child remained among relatives, grew up to an active manhood, and, after a brief but brilliant career as a minister and college president, died at Portland, Ore., in May, 1899, leaving behind him a widow and four small children — two boys and two girls. In 1880, after eighteen years of widowerhood, the Bishop married again, and for twenty-two years was blessed with the companionship of the late Mrs. Thoburn, so well known on both sides of the globe. In the summer of 1902 this saintly and now sainted woman, after a long struggle with illness, went to Portland for a change of climate, and there, on September 17, she entered into the life eternal. Her two children, Theodore and Helen, were with her, and before her departure she arranged with her young widowed daughter in law to receive the two children into her own family, thus making an interesting group of three boys and three girls. This was done, and the six children became assimilated as if by instinct, and both in church and school make an interesting and well-known group. In the above cut the names and ages of the children are as follows — beginning at the left: Thomas Wilson, fifteen; Isabella, twelve; Theodore, twelve; Bernice, ten; Crawford Bennett, eight; Helen, six. Theodore and Helen are the Bishop's children; the others are his grandchildren.

NEW IDEAS FOR THE AUTUMN GARDEN -- I

GEORGE E. WALSH.

New Plants from Old Ones

A NOVEL way to get bushy-headed crotons, large geraniums, and woody plants for house culture, is to graft them on their own stem, and transplant to new pots suspended in the air. As early as possible in the autumn, the stem of the plant is slit with a knife about one-third through and an inch long. Spagnum moss is inserted in this cut, and the upper part of the plant secured to a support of wood. When this operation has been performed, break an ordinary small flower-pot in two pieces, and clasp it around the wound, filling it beforehand with moss. The pot is wired together, and tied to two upright stakes. Water freely, so that the spagnum moss is always moist, and give plenty of heat. Within a few weeks roots formed at the point of the wound will appear, and in time fill the pot, winding around the moss. When thus developed

young plants from old, wornout, ragged ones.

Greenhouses from \$50 to \$200

A greenhouse or conservatory built on the south side of the house capable of accommodating upward of a hundred plants, will more than pay for itself within two winters. A number costing as low as \$50 have been built, with second-hand building material and cold-frame sashes purchased at a bargain. A small coal stove is sufficient to heat the place; but double-sash glass must be put on all sides. On the most exposed side manure and litter should be banked up half-way, and inside protective curtains should be drawn down at nights. Double inside curtains make excellent protectors for cold nights, and one will be surprised how little the temperature drops even on the coldest nights.

In such a small greenhouse azaleas, camellias, loquat and orange trees can be kept, and also roses, palms, and orchids. In the spring of the year seeds of new plants can be started in beds in the house. A greenhouse 10 by 15 feet can be built from

tered, and they will be comparatively free from troublesome insects and worms.

New York City.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RAINDROP'S MISSION

HELEN F. NOON.

ALL was quiet in Cloudland. The little raindrops were snuggled up in their downy beds, sleeping peacefully—all except one wee drop which lay wide awake. He was thinking hard, very hard for such a small fellow. He had made up his mind that he wanted to do something. He didn't want to stay in Cloudland all his life. Every day when some of his companions left him to go down to the wonderful earth below, he had wondered what they were going to do. To be sure, he had heard strange rumors, but he wished to see for himself. How could he do it? He had tried so hard to be a good raindrop; he had amused the baby drops, he had kept his face bright and shining, he had always done just what Mother Cloud had wished.

Suddenly a plan occurred to him. He would get up bright and early the next morning and tell Mother Cloud all about his longings. Mother Cloud was always so sympathetic, and she would be glad to listen to him. By this time his eyes were getting heavy, and in a minute he had dropped asleep.

Dawn came so quickly that it seemed to little Sparkle that he had but just closed his eyes. He remembered his plan at once, and, rolling quietly out of bed, he sought Mother Cloud.

"Why, my little man! What are you doing here so bright and early?" and Mother Cloud took him in her arms and gave him a morning kiss.

"I want you to take me down to the earth," answered Sparkle. "You see, I want to do something," and then he poured out his heart to Mother Cloud.

"Yes, indeed! You shall go today!" said Mother Cloud, heartily. "Run and bid your playmates good-by."

It was with a joyful heart, overflowing with happiness and hope, that Sparkle slipped his hand into that of Mother Cloud. As they floated down through the dense clouds, then through the lighter ones, and he began to see the blue sky and the hills, woods and fields, his eyes grew wider and wider.

Mother Cloud first took him into a large, beautiful garden, where hundreds of flowers smiled at him, and in the heart of each one sparkled a drop of glittering dew.

"Oh, how nice it would be to live in a lily!" cried Sparkle. "The air would always be so sweet, and the lily would curl its petals about me;" but Mother Cloud said: "Wait until you have seen a little more of the world, and then if you still wish to be a dewdrop, you may."

So she carried him swiftly along over the varying landscape, above the high mountains and the low valleys, over orchard and meadow, brook and river, and finally stopped above a small, shady wood, in whose heart babbled a little brook. Sparkle was somewhat tired by

this time, and the trees and brook looked so restful to him that he exclaimed: "O Mother Cloud, I would like to stay here in this brook and play with the little children who come here!"

"Wait a little longer, my child," answered the wise mother. "Wouldn't you like to do something useful?"

So she pointed out to him the farms which needed rain so badly that the plants were drooping their heads and the leaves were wilting.

"I would like to help the farmers," said Sparkle, "but what could I do alone?"

"I would send some companions to help you," answered Mother Cloud; "but I have one more place which I want to show you, and after you have seen it you may decide what you want to do."

Mother Cloud then took him to a large city where the throngs of people were trying to find some shelter from the intense heat of the day. Not a breeze was stirring; not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks, and the suffering from heat and thirst was intense.

In one of the poorest tenement houses, on the top floor, Mother Cloud pointed out a little child, pale and feverish. Her tiny lips were so parched and dry that they could hardly form the word "Water."

Sparkle looked at her, full of pity and sadness, and exclaimed:

"May I help her, mother? I would rather do that than anything else."

And Mother Cloud was willing.

Everett, Mass.

IN AN AUTOMOBILE

WHEN Lynn's mother saw him come racing down the street and fling himself through the gate and up the front steps, she knew that something had happened.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted. "I am going to have a ride in it this afternoon."

She did not need to be told what "it" was. There was only one automobile in the whole town, and Lynn's dearest wish for two months had been to "try how it felt to be in it."

"Now I am going to know. Mr. Duncan has invited me."

"Why did he invite you?" asked his mother.

"Oh, just because he did. Maybe he knew how much I'd like to go, and he remembered when he was a boy and wished something very hard."

"Does he know where you live?"

"Yes. He asked me. He is coming for me at three o'clock. Won't it be fine for the automobile to be standing right outside our gate?"

Soon after dinner Lynn was impatient to get dressed and be ready. By two o'clock he had his best clothes on, and then, you see, he had to be very careful not to "get mussed and be unready" by three. So he sat down on his handkerchief on the curbstone to wait. By and by Harry Deems came along and talked to him.

"Where are you going?" asked Harry.

"I am going with Mr. Duncan in his automobile," said Lynn, trying to speak as if he did it often.

"H'm!" cried Harry. "Aren't you glad?"

Lynn nodded.

"I wonder," Harry went on, "if Mr. Duncan's dog is all right. I found him way off by the pond the other night all wet and cold, and his foot was hurt. I put him under my coat to try to keep him warm, but he shivered the whole way home."

Harry still talked, but Lynn did not hear a word that he said. He understood now why Mr. Duncan had invited him.

"But he did invite me. I didn't try to get him to; he just did. It wasn't my fault. I couldn't help it. He said something about his dog. But I didn't understand it."

He wished that Harry would go away. He mustn't be sitting there when Mr. Duncan came.

Suddenly a voice spoke out plainly from somewhere deep down under Lynn's Sunday jacket. It was a very scornful voice: "Of course you couldn't help it when you didn't understand; but now you do, and you can just as well as not. If you pretend to be another boy from yourself, that is cheating. If you take Harry's ride instead of him, that is stealing. And tomorrow you'll go to your missionary society and feel sorry for the heathen. You'd better feel sorry first for yourself today and keep from being one yourself."

Lynn jumped up from the curbstone and took Harry by the arm.

"Go right home," he shouted to him, "and get dressed! Hurry! There'll be plenty of time if you hurry. It was you that Mr. Duncan wanted to take in his automobile. He made a mistake between us. That's all. When I grow up I am going to have sense enough to tell boys apart."

When Harry got the idea, he held back a little. But Lynn was determined.

"It's yours. It was meant for you. I am not going to take it from you. You wouldn't. You know you wouldn't. Would you?"

This was why, when the big cream-colored automobile stopped at Lynn's gate Mr. Duncan found two boys standing on the curb.

Lynn explained.

"I mixed you up, did I?" said Mr. Duncan, screwing his eyes into twinkling slits as he looked from one boy to the other. "You are not just alike after all. I suppose your mothers can tell you easily. Well, get in. The machine is big enough for you both."

"So I didn't lose a thing by it," Lynn told his mother afterward.

"But you gained something," she said. "Yes," agreed Lynn. — SALLY CAMPBELL, in S. S. Times.

Get Rid of Scrofula

Bunches, eruptions, inflammations, soreness of the eyelids and ears, diseases of the bones, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, wasting, are only some of the troubles it causes.

It is a very active evil, making havoc of the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates it, cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system.

Accept no substitute.

OUR BOOK TABLE

OUTLINES OF CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS. For Use in Lectures. By Hermann Schubert, Ph.D. Authorized Translation from the Second Enlarged Edition, by Alfred Bull Nichols, Professor of German in Simmons College. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1.75.

An excellent treatise, designed to establish Christianity's claim to be the perfect embodiment of religion. It treats first, however, of the religious views of the world, then takes up nature religions, culture religions, and prophet religions. Book III presents a defence of Christianity as the only solution of the religious problems of civilization. The author considers that for us the sum and crown of the proof for the existence of God is Jesus. We have God because we have Jesus. As to the inspiration of the Bible the author takes, of course, the modern view, now so widely accepted and so full of comfort.

THE NOBLEST QUEST; and Other Sermons. Preached in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, Ohio, by Charles Bayard Mitchell, Ph.D., D.D. Jennings & Graham: Cincinnati, O.

Good discourses on such standard themes as "Remember thy Creator," "The Supreme Master," "The Impartial God." The most striking one of the eight is on "The Dignity of Labor," from the text: "We are laborers together with God." "We cannot attain," says the author, "to that industrial peace so essential to industrial health until at least ten principles are universally recognized and acted upon." Our readers will be glad to know what these ten are: 1. Every man has a right to work for whom and for what wage he pleases. 2. Every employer must have the right to decide whom he shall employ, and the principle of the open shop should everywhere prevail. 3. Compulsory arbitration. 4. Co operation. 5. Every laborer should be paid the wage he earns, and not the wage another man earns. 6. Capital must recognize the right of labor to organize for its own protection and benefit, and such laborers should not be discriminated against so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others. 7. No man must be regarded as possessing the right to quit his job and hold it at the same time. 8. No boycott. 9. All employees who have been taken on during a strike should be given permanent places. 10. The fundamental principles of Christianity must be applied in all capital and labor relations, and both sides must obey Christ's requirement, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH. A War's End Romance. By George Cary Eggleston. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

This romance has a peculiarly interesting setting. It is above and beyond all a love story as sweet, as pure, and as pleasing as the author's most widely popular romance, "Dorothy South." Like "Dorothy South," it has for its heroine a young woman of high breeding and high character, proud, passionate, and duty-loving. The action of the story lies in the region of the lower Mississippi River, from Cairo to New Orleans, and its time is the period near the end of the Civil War, after the great river was opened to navigation, but when its banks and bayous were still vexed with hostilities, and the greedy lawlessness of speculators who gave to their business a good deal of the character of crime. It was, as the author has written, that time when in the minds and conduct of many men there had been a lapse from patriotism to plunder, from loyalty to loot. That period in that region was peculiar in its picturesqueness and in its wealth of romantic and dramatic interest. The field is one totally new to fiction, and certainly Mr. Eggleston has written no romance that

exceeds this one in all-compelling human interest.

HOW TO KNOW WILD FRUITS. A Guide to Plants when Not in Flower by Means of Fruit and Leaf. By Maud Gridley Peterson. Illustrated by Mary Elizabeth Herbert. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50, net.

The illustrations — a very essential part of the book — are abundant, and the explanations are clear. The purpose indicated in the title-page is well carried out. Only those plants are dealt with which bear attractively colored fruits, and are met with in these regions, but their number is large.

Magazines

— In the *Methodist Magazine and Review* for September the opening article is a continuation of the editor's account of personal travel in Labrador, well illustrated, as is also the following paper, "Korea, with the Mind's Eye." Other illustrated articles are: "Camp Education Extension," by Alfred Fitzpatrick, and "The Kingdom of Roumania," by Queen Elizabeth, of that country. Rev. S. Hall Young, D. D., writes on "Missionary Experiences in the Yukon," and Rev. O. Darwin on "The Crisis in the Northwest." "The Miracle Maker of Gardens" is an account of the truly wonderful achievements of the celebrated horticulturist, Luther Burbank, in the way of developing new fruits and flowers. (William Briggs: Toronto.)

— The special features of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September are an appreciative character sketch of Count Sergius Witte, the Russian ranking peace envoy, by Dr. E. J. Dillon; a characterization of "Ryan: A New Power in Finance," by "An Observer in Wall Street;" besides illustrated articles on "Denmark, the Buffer State of the North," "Oklahoma, a Vigorous Commonwealth," "The Age of Gasoline," and "The Sea-Air Treatment for New York's Bedridden Children." In "The Progress of the World" and the other regular departments, the peace situation at Portsmouth, the new Russian legislative assembly, the yellow-fever visitation to New Orleans, the President's recent speech at Wilkesbarre and Chautauqua, and many other topics of domestic and foreign interest are treated. (Review of Reviews Co.: New York.)

— In *Everybody's* for September Charles Edward Russell gives a postscript to his startling articles on the Beef Trust, showing the desperate efforts being made by the magnates of thievery to counteract the deep impression of their rascality which he has made on the public. Lawson continues his "Frenzied Finance." Juliet Wilber Tompkins begins an intensely interesting series on "Ella Rawls, Reader, Financier," who has had one of the most amazing and romantic careers ever known, and is still hardly more than at the beginning of it, for she is only twenty-eight years old. (Ridgway-Thayer Co.: Union Square, New York.)

— *Pearson's* for September continues the series on "The Profession of Getting Hurt," and has valuable articles on "Modern Racing Boats," "New Hope for the Consumptive," "Bandit Hunters of the Union Pacific," the "Great Tasman Glacier of New Zealand," and "Have you Joined the Minority?" The purport of this last question is a series of tables showing many things connected with a study in comparative ages. It appears that men and women aged forty and above are outweighed numerically by men and women between twenty and thirty-nine. In other words, people join the minority at regards adults when they reach forty. As regards the entire population they join the minority when they reach their majority; that is, there are more people under twenty-one than over. The author shows, also, that the population of the United States is younger than that of the United Kingdom. In the United States there are fifty per thousand between fifty-five and sixty-four, and thirty-nine of the age of sixty-five and upward, while in the United Kingdom the numbers are fifty-nine and fifty respectively. (Pearson Publishing Co.: New York.)

HOW TO FIND OUT

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water, and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen, it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder, and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine, or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing, be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in *ZION'S HERALD*. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

— The *American Illustrated Magazine* is the new name under which appears for September what has been known for thirty years as *Leslie's Monthly*. The name of Elery Hedgwick appears as editor. It is an excellent number, opening with the "Story of American Painting," by Charles H. Coffin; giving sketches of Thomas F. Ryan of New York, and Thomas Lowry of Minneapolis, under the title, "Lords of Our Streets;" presenting a very fine set of photographs of cloud effects as seen from above among the mountains; describing the "Conscience Money Fund of \$400,000" turned into the U. S. Treasury in the past hundred years, and some of the recipients of the medals from the Carnegie Hero Fund. (Colver Publishing House: 131-147 Fifth Ave., New York.)

— The September *Century* describes Ole Bull as a patriotic force in Norway; gives a rare portrait of John Paul Jones, as well as a poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman on the return to America of his remains; begins a series on the "Historical Places of Paris;" tells about the "Viking Ship" found at Oseberg; and illustrates the "Proposed Changes in the National Capitol" and in Dr. C. H. Parkhurst's fine new church on Madison Square. The latter is called a departure in church building, inasmuch as it is designed not on mediæval but on semi-classic lines, with a dome, an impressive portico, and a row of huge columns. The changes at Washington will consist mainly in extending the front wall about thirteen feet, so as to give a broader foundation for the dome; huge office buildings are also to be built for the Senate and the House. (Century Company: New York.)

— *Lippincott's* has in its September number a stirring novelette of love and war, called "The Fortress," by Will Levington Comfort, a young newspaper man who went to Manchuria as a war correspondent, and so introduces into his story the scenes around Port Arthur; three of the four leading characters are war correspondents, including the heroine. There are in the number nine short stories, besides a paper by Eben E. Rexford on "Decorative Plants," and the usual entertaining department of humor. (J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia, Pa.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Third Quarter Lesson XII

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1905.

DANIEL 1: 8-20.

DANIEL IN BABYLON

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.* — Dan. 1: 8.

2. DATE: B. C. 605.

3. PLACE: Babylon, on the Euphrates.

4. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — Dan. 1: 1-7. *Tuesday* — Dan. 1: 8-20. *Wednesday* — Jer. 35: 1-11. *Thursday* — Jer. 35: 12-19. *Friday* — 1 Cor. 8. *Saturday* — Eph. 5: 6-21. *Sunday* — Prov. 2: 1-9.

II Introductory

Nothing is known of Daniel's parentage or early history. He was evidently of noble, and possibly of royal, descent, and was conspicuous for personal grace and accomplishments. He is supposed to have been about sixteen or seventeen years old when he was carried to Babylon, in the third year of King Jehoiakim's reign. His mind had been deeply imbued in his youth with the principles of the Hebrew faith; otherwise he would scarcely have come to the decision which he did. It was the king's purpose to treat Daniel and his fellow captives of the same rank as royal protégés; to feed them with luxuries from his own table, with a view to making them comely, well-favored, and perhaps satisfied with their lot and dependent upon himself; and, further, to wean them from their old religious associations and pave the way for their adoption of the Babylonian worship by requiring them to use food previously offered in idol temples. Daniel's trained conscience saw defilement in the plan, and he took his stand at once. What it might cost him he knew not, but he formed a resolve, deep and steadfast, to refuse the king's meat and wine, which in his eyes had become polluted by idolatrous association. He did not, however, take a defiant attitude. A certain grace and loveliness in his character had already won for him the favor of Ashpenaz, the lord chamberlain, and to him first an appeal was made. That wary officer knew too well the summary vengeance which an Oriental despot like Nebuchadnezzar would inflict, on the slightest disobedience to his orders; and he felt sure that Daniel's plan for himself and his companions would soon betray itself in "faces worse liking" than those of the other Hebrew children. He declined to listen to the proposal. Then Daniel turned to the steward and begged him to consent to a ten days' experiment of supplying them with pulse and water in place of the king's dainties. In this quarter he was successful. The steward consented; and at the end of the time, by God's blessing, the faces of Daniel and his friends appeared fairer and their bodies fatter in flesh than those of the other youth who were surfeited with the luxuries furnished from the king's table. This happy result removed every obstacle. From that time Daniel and his three associates ate their frugal meals undisturbed and with a clear conscience.

God, in turn, signally honored these four young men who had so signally honored Him. He had blessed them in their bodies; He also blessed them in their minds. They became eminent for culture and intelligence; and on Daniel, as formerly on Joseph under similar circumstances, God bestowed the gift of understanding "in all visions and dreams." They far surpassed "all the magicians and enchanters that were in the realm."

III Expository

8. Daniel purposed in his heart. — So did Ezekiel (4: 9, 12, 14); so did not Jehoiachin (2 Kings 25: 27-30), and many others (Hosea 9: 3). Heart purposes control the life (Prov. 4: 23). [Throughout these lessons in the Book of Daniel the writer assumes that while such modern scholars as Professors Driver, Sayce and E. L. Curtis, Dr. Gladstone, and Canon Farrar have reached the conclusion that this book is simply "the noblest and most important religious fiction in the whole Bible," not written earlier than B. C. 300 and receiving its present form in B. C. 175-163, the question is by no means settled even by scholars; and until it is, it is best to regard Daniel as a genuine historical personage who spoke and acted as the book credits him.] Would not defile himself, etc. — The king's meat and wine were defiling in his eyes because they had been previously offered at a heathen shrine. Therefore, tempting as they were to a young man of keen appetites, he firmly refused them. The character of Daniel was shadowed in this initial resolve. It would have been easy to conform, easy to consider the matter of trifling importance, easy to reconcile conscience to circumstances. On the other hand, to follow conscience involved great risks as well as sacrifices. It compelled him and his companions to be singular and to be separate. It exposed him to many inconveniences and to annoying criticisms. It was fraught with great danger to himself and to those who had him in charge in case the facts should reach the ears of the king. We cannot put ourselves in Daniel's place, but enough is apparent to show how true and genuine was his character, and how noble and self-sacrificing was his decision. Requested of the prince of the eunuchs — Ashpenaz (see verse 3); he had charge of the harem.

Perhaps, too, Daniel felt the movements of his prophetic call, and rightly thought rigid abstinence befitted the career opening before him. Then, further, there were doubtless then, as today, living examples of unrestrained appetite all around him — spectacles of gluttony and drunkenness; and the only way by which he could guard himself and his companions from falling into a similar license was to form a temperance society within the precincts of the royal palace.

9, 10. God had brought Daniel into favor, etc. — in R. V., "Now God had made Daniel to find favor and compassion in the sight of the prince of the eunuchs." The qualities which made him lovable were God's endowment. I fear my lord the king. — He was the servant of a king who could execute children before the eyes of their father, and in a moment of passion threaten with death the "wise men" of the country. Who hath appointed your meat and drink. — This consisted, according to Rawlinson, of meats of various kinds, fish, game, fruits, barley or wheat bread and imported wine. Why should he see your faces worse liking — American Revised Version, "worse looking"; sad, dejected. Ashpenaz thought that high feeding was indispensable for securing ruddy health. Than the children . . . of your sort — R. V., "than the youths which are of your

age." Then shall ye make me (R. V., "so should ye") endanger my head — by strangulation or decapitation. It was as much as his life was worth to disobey the king.

11, 13. Then said Daniel to Melzar (R. V., "to the steward") — the official appointed by Ashpenaz to execute the king's order relative to the diet of the captives. Prove thy servants — try an experiment with us. I beseech thee. — Note the courtesy of the request. Give us pulse to eat — literally, herbs; according to Gesenius, vegetables. Water to drink — a temperance pledge made and kept under great difficulties, and with remarkably successful results. Amid the revelry of wine-drinking and banqueting Babylon finally went down. Ten days. — "The number 'ten' was a mystic number both with the Persians and the Babylonians. In the case of the latter people it was the number of the third god — the Atmosphere — in the second triad of their deities" (Speaker's Commentary). As thou seest, deal with thy servants. — No fairer test could have been proposed.

14, 16. So he consented to them (R. V., "hearkened unto them"). — Whether the steward informed Ashpenaz of his consent or not, we are not told. Their countenances appeared fairer and fatter (R. V., "and they were fatter") in flesh. — Their abstemiousness proved more salutary than fulness of meat and drink. Than all the children, etc. — R. V., "than all the youths, which did eat of the king's meat." Thus Melzar — R. V., "So the steward." Took away — ceased to give. He took the responsibility of feeding them upon what they best threw upon.

17. God gave them knowledge and skill — blessed their minds as well as their

OUST THE DEMON

A Tussle with Coffee

There is something fairly demoniacal in the way coffee sometimes wreaks its fiendish malice on those who use it.

A lady writing from California says:

"My husband and I, both lovers of coffee, suffered for some time from a very annoying form of nervousness, accompanied by most frightful headaches. In my own case there was eventually developed some sort of affection of the nerves leading from the spine to the head. I was unable to hold my head up straight; the tension of the nerves drew it to one side, causing me the most intense pain. We got no relief from medicine, and were puzzled as to what caused the trouble till a friend suggested that possibly the coffee we drank had something to do with it, and advised that we quit it and try Postum Coffee.

"We followed his advice, and from the day that we began to use Postum we both began to improve, and in a very short time both of us were entirely relieved. The nerves became steady once more, the headaches ceased, the muscles in the back of my neck relaxed, my head straightened up, and the dreadful pain that had so punished me while I used the old kind of coffee vanished.

"We have never resumed the use of the old coffee, but relish our Postum every day as well as we did the former beverage; and we are delighted to find that we can give it freely to our children also, something we never dared to do with the old kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum Coffee contains absolutely no drugs of any kind, but relieves the coffee drinker from the old drug poison.

There's a reason.

bodies; enabled them to rapidly acquire the Chaldean language, with the literary and scientific learning that was stored up in it. "From Herodotus and Strabo it is evident that there existed in Babylon, as later on in Persia, an hereditary order of priests, named Chaldeans, masters of all the science and literature as well as of the religious ceremonies current among the people, and devoted from very early times to that habit of astronomical observation which their brilliant sky so much favored" (Fuller). Daniel had understanding . . . in visions and dreams. — While all four of these captive youths were intellectually blessed, this special endowment of interpreting dreams and visions was conferred upon Daniel — one peculiarly desirable for him in the circumstances in which he was to be placed.

18, 19. Now at the end of the days. — R. V. changes as follows: "And at the end of the days which the king had appointed for bringing them in, the prince of the eunuchs," etc. At the end of the three years the steward turned over to Ashpenaz all the Hebrew youths who had been committed to his charge, including Daniel and his three friends, and they were all presented by the chamberlain to the king for him to select those who should hold the high posts of honor in his service. The king communed with them — not a formal examination apparently, but a sort of conversation which tested in some degree their acquirements, and permitted the king to observe their persons and demeanor. Among them all was found none like, etc. — The four conspicuously outshone the rest in physical grace and development as well as in the quality of their speech and learning. Stood they before the king. — They were appointed to posts of honor in his service.

20. In all matters . . . that the king inquired (R. V., "in every matter . . . concerning which the king inquired") etc. — They had impressed him favorably when he "communied" with them, but he did not know how wise they were until he submitted to them searching questions. Ten times better — that is, far surpassing or superior to. Compare Gen. 31:7, 41; Lev. 26:26; Zech. 8:23. All the magicians — strictly, "those who use the stylus;" the priestly class of the scribes, the highest among the literary classes in Babylon. And astrologers (R. V., "and enchanters"). — The word means "breathers," or "whisperers;" hence, according to Zochler, "those who murmured their magic formulas in an aspirated whisper." From subsequent notices we discover that there were three additional classes among the "wise men," but subordinate to these two.

These separate classes busied themselves, without doubt, with distinct branches of the Babylonian wisdom. While each class cultivated a separate department, yet it was not exclusively, but in such a manner that the activities of the several classes intermingled in many ways. This is clearly seen from what is said of Daniel and his companions, that they were trained in all the wisdom of the Chaldeans; and is confirmed by the testimony of Diodorus Siculus, that the Chaldeans, who held almost the same place in the State that the priests of Egypt did, while applying themselves to the service of the gods, sought their greatest glory in the study of astrology, and also devoted themselves much to prophecy, foretelling future things, and by means of lustrations, sacrifices and incantations seeking to turn away evil and to secure that which was good. They possessed the knowledge of divination from omens, of expounding dreams and prodigies, and of skillfully casting horoscopes (Kell).

IV Inferential

1. Better be singular than wrong.
2. Nothing is little in morals. When we

are in Rome, we should not do as Romans do unless they do right.

3. "Not dainty food, but God's blessing, develops beauty and strength." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Deut. 8:3).

4. Firmness in principle does not require a man to be offensive in conduct.

5. He who would be wise should not neglect the Source of all wisdom. "To pray well is to study well."

6. Religion is not dependent upon circumstances. There were "saints" in Nero's household.

7. They that honor God He will honor.

V Illustrative

1. "Before I became an abstainer I suffered from fainting fits. I even fainted in the pulpit, and my life was a burden. My physician came from London, and said, 'If you do not drink you will die.' I said, 'Very well, doctor, then I'll die.' My health rapidly improved. I met this physician three days ago. He said, 'You utterly surprise me. Let me tell you, if there was no such thing as alcohol I should have to put up my shutters.'" (Canon Wilberforce).

2. "In general terms it may be said that no instance has been recorded where the influence of alcohol upon a good man, when carried to its full extent, has failed to taint his moral nature. Nor has an instance ever been known of a character so base, so bestial and inhuman, that alcohol could not sink it still lower." "Alcohol deadens the conscience of any one who partakes of it, let his motives in drinking be what they may." "A person intoxicated will commit offences in thought, in speech, and in conduct, which in his sober mood he would view with abhorrence. The tendency of drunkenness is inevitably toward crime" (Dr. T. L. Wright).

New American Methodist Hymnal

From *Methodist Times* (London).

ALMOST exactly twelve months after the issue of our own revised hymn-book the two great Methodist Churches in the United States — the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South — have published a new Joint Hymnal. The preparation of this book was authorized by the General Conference of the former communion in 1900, and by that of the Southern communion in 1902, and its production provides a striking testimony to the essential unity of the two great branches of Episcopal Methodism. The combined membership of the two churches exceeds four and a half millions, so that this Hymnal may claim to be used by more worshippers than any other in the world. The work of preparation devolved upon twenty-two ministers and laymen

appointed in equal numbers by the two churches. A comparison with our own hymn-book presents some points worthy of notice.

The Americans have been better advised than Methodists at home in one respect — they have kept down the number of hymns to 717 as compared with 981 in our book. Like the Methodist Hymn-book, the American Hymnal contains doxologies and chants in addition to the hymns, and several hundreds of new hymns have been included. The Methodist tradition is maintained by giving the place of honor in the new collection to Charles Wesley's "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing." The classification adopted closely resembles that in our book with the order slightly changed, but the old nomenclature to which our conservative instincts compelled us to adhere is replaced in the American book by modes of expression more familiar to modern ears.

As to the sources from which the hymns are drawn, a glance at the list of contents dismisses at once any fear that the Methodism across the Atlantic encourages the flabby and cheaply sentimental hymnology to which transatlantic missionaries have accustomed us. The American book contains 120 hymns by Charles Wesley — a very fair percentage, though by no means equal to the preponderance of those hymns in our book, in which nearly 50 per cent. are derived from this source. Isaac Watts comes next with fifty hymns, and Dr. Doddridge with twenty. We are glad to see that our American brethren have had the courage and good sense to incorporate Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional," and the opening verses of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," both unaccountably excluded from our collection. Whittier, Longfellow and Bryant have all been laid under contribution, as also have Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Dean Stanley, and the French mystic, Madame Guyon. The collection is an altogether worthy one, of which our American co-religionists have every right to be proud, and is one which could be accepted as it stands by Methodists on this side of the Atlantic. We hope that when the time arrives for the next revision the solidarity of world-wide Methodism will be exhibited by the production of a common hymn-book for all the English-speaking disciples of John Wesley.

There are always a good many people in every community who talk more than they know, and are perpetually ready with all sorts of views that have no foundation in fact. There are men who, as the rather rough saying is, have "mair jaw than judgment." With respect to such talkative ignoramuses the observation naturally suggests itself: Some people would know more if they knew less. Truly, as the Western proverb goes: It is better to know not so many things than to know so many things that are not so.



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EPWORTH LEAGUE PAGE

MESSAGE TO EPWORTHIANs

The Church's Self

Rev. Horace M. Du Bose, D. D.
Editor of *Epworth Era*

THE Epworth League has become a truly binding fellowship, and one helpful to a real and history-making fraternity, in the families of one of the most prosperous and populous divisions of the Christian Church. The Epworth League was not a chance afterthought of Methodism, not a passing expedient, but the necessary outgrowth of its life of testimony and yearning after the children of men. The League is the timeliest answer which it has made to a supreme need not only of the young life which is its charge, but also to the life which is its own. The Epworth League points the way to the solution of those peculiar problems which have vexed the dominant Methodism of America for two scores of years. It also points the way to the evangelism which is to become world-wide through a dedication of life in the matter of all its years, as of all its powers and substance. It is not too much to say that the failure of the Epworth League at the threshold of the twentieth century would have meant, if not the failure of Methodism, its embarrassment during a series of future years reaching beyond the mental sight of any now living. But it did not fail; it could not fail. The unseen force which moved in apostolic Christianity from Pentecost onward has moved in the Epworth League since the life of this continent felt the tread of its first armies. The League is in the church and of the church. It is the church's self. My message to Epworthians at this point is, that they take account of this. The Epworth League is not a thing of yesterday. Its life goes back to the beginning. Its roots are in Pentecost. "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions." The true fulfillment is now.

The true revival is a *life* — an ever-widening, ever-multiplying life. It kindles from testimony to testimony, from heart to heart. The revival of the future, and indeed of the immediate present, is that of the life that is willing to walk with another an hour, or a briefer season even, for Christ's sake. It is the life-touch. "And Andrew first findeth his own brother Simon . . . and brought him to Jesus." It is plain that this personal element wrought in the regenerating days and in the first Pentecost; it must work in the last. It works already. It is the manner and prophecy of the Epworth League — a compact of serious, consecrated young souls, bearing on the social, intellectual and spiritual sides of life with one and the same force.

It is my judgment that the program for the recent International League Convention which was held in Denver last July, admirably and forcibly outlined the present opportunity of the League as a spiritual force in the church. This program emphasized the fact that personal experience is the supreme thought of the League. The failure to see that fact, and set it up as a goal before each chapter, is the secret of our abundant failures and lapses in League organization. "My son, know thou the Lord," is what the church has said, if the church fully understands herself, in giving to her young people that dread "upper room," the League chapter meeting place.

I am moved here to put an emphasis on the consecration meeting of the League. The church may gain more in this meeting than it lost in the passing of the class-meeting. It is, I believe, the Spirit's pledge that the latter is not lost, but merged into the ultimate — the fellowship that abides about the feet of the young.

The perennial topic for the consecration meeting, and also for the devotional season, is the presence and work of the Spirit. It is the century of the Holy Ghost, in that it is the century of youth. The Spirit is not a doctrine, but a Person, the Paraclete, the Comforter. Let the League pass out of the mists of doubtful disputations and walk in the clear light of the Spirit. The opportunity before us in the Epworth League is that its young life may be made a perennial fountain of vital experience. This is the hope of the church, and a hope that surely cannot be disappointed. Neither is there doubt that, with its present tendencies, the League will prove a conservator of soundness and simplicity in faith. Carrying these qualities, it shall pass as a sanctifying influence upon all the life of the century, social, civic and religious. For this let us both pray and labor.

Nashville, Tenn.

League Flower Department

THE summer flowers are almost gone, and it is time for our Leaguers to make arrangement for winter plants. We have seen the flower department so successfully used that we feel that flowers are almost a necessity in our League work among the sick. A bunch of flowers with a card attached bearing a message from God's Word has often helped to lift a load from a burdened heart or scatter sunshine in a saddened home.

In some of our Leagues each member cares for at least one plant which is to be used in this work, while other Leagues

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contribute a certain amount of money to be used in the purchase of bulbs and plants which some member of the League cares for. We know of many instances where the flower committee has done much good along this line of work. — *St. Louis Christian Advocate*.

Lose Not Your Opportunity

YEARS ago a young Scotchman from Fife was leaving home. He was not an active Christian. His mother went with him to the turn of the road and said: "Now, Robert, there is one thing you must promise me before you go." "No," said the lad, "I will not promise until I know." "But it will not be difficult," said his mother. "Then I will promise" he said, and she said to him: "Every night before you lie down to sleep read a chapter and pray." He did not want to promise it, but he did. Who was that Robert? It was Robert Moffat, the great missionary, who, when he came into the kingdom, almost brought a

continent in after him. Many a mother has lost her opportunity to speak to her boy, and she has lost it because she has not lived as a mother should who would help her boy. "So shall her judgment be." — J. W. Chapman.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

The Great Surrender

Sunday, September 17

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

Sept. 11. The surrender of self-will. Luke 22: 39-42.
Sept. 12. Of self-denial. Prov. 3: 1-7.
Sept. 13. Of vengeance. Rom. 12: 16-20.
Sept. 14. Of ambition. Gal. 1: 10-17.
Sept. 15. The great refusal. Matt. 19: 16-22.
Sept. 16. The great example. 1 Pet. 3: 17-22.
Sept. 17. Topic — The Great Surrender. Acts 9: 1-22; Rom. 6: 16-23.

The Scotch drummer boy who could electrify an army with his stirring marches, but had never learned to beat a retreat on his drum, is one of the heroes of history. Among the most approved utterances in military annals is that of Napoleon's Old Guard: "We can die, but surrender never." To be thus firm and fearless in the discharge of duty is commendable beyond expression. But there are conditions in life which make a complete surrender the noblest act of the human soul.

Surrender-Heroes

These are the grandest of all heroes, who surrender to God, at great sacrifice, those things with which it is hardest for the natural heart to part. What an unspeakably brave act it was in Paul, after all that he had done against Jesus and His new disciples, to haul down his bloody battle-flag and never allow it to float again! This giant in moral, intellectual, and volitional power — a rare personality, unexcelled in his influence over men and over centuries — never did anything more heroic than to make an immediate, total surrender to Him whom he had so bitterly fought. How finely does the poet express Paul's experience in these lines:

"The proudest heart that ever beat
Hath been subdued in me;
The wildest will that ever rose —
To scorn Thy cause or aid Thy foes —
Is quelled, my God, by Thee."

Martyrs

Surrender-heroes have ever been the strength and glory of our Christianity. The martyrs gave themselves up in fire and blood to advance the cause of Christ. Every Christian century has had its noble martyrs, so thoroughly and heroically surrendered to God that they have mightily advanced the kingdom of heaven among men. Our own generation has been enriched by a long roll of heroes who have given their lives to make a highway over which the gospel chariot might move more surely. Some of these have died slowly by daily sufferings on many mission fields. Others, like the Chinese martyrs in the Boxer uprising, have faced death at the hands of cruel violence.

U. S.

These are the initials which stood before the name of General Grant. American wit made them mean "Unconditional Surrender," because this was the demand he made upon his country's foes. This is what God exacts of every human being. It is impossible for Christ

Losing Your Grip

When the mental activities seem to be weakening and the mind losing its grip, the restorative powers of Juven Pills assert themselves by feeding the nerves, reaching every function of the human organism, giving refreshing sleep, appetite, strength and health. A trial quickly proves their far-reaching efficacy. Sent only by C. I. Hood Co.,—Hood's Sarsaparilla,—Lowell, Mass., on receipt of this advt. and \$1.

to give Himself wholly to us unless we give ourselves wholly to Him.

Liberty

In war surrender often means humiliation, loss, slavery. But to the child of God it means exaltation, abundant gain, the largest liberty — glorious liberty to do and to be all that God has planned for him. By complete surrender of all our powers they are unfettered and set free to work at their best.

Ready

On an ancient shield there is a most significant device. It is the picture of an ox standing between a plow and an altar. Underneath are the words: "Ready for either" — ready to work, ready to die. This is the peaceful, contented attitude of the surrendered life. What God wills is entirely satisfactory to such a person. Only at the cross can we find sufficient incentive to give up all for Christ.

"Lord of the cross, 'tis here
My life, my all, I tender
To Thee in full surrender,
And thus the cross is dear."

Norwich, Conn.

Social Benefactors

From Boston Transcript.

THE possession of great wealth is a much more crucial test of character than is extreme poverty. The man who has to struggle to keep body and soul together excites sympathy rather than expectation, but there is always public curiosity, never dormant, concerning the man of large means and the uses he will make of them, and upon the latter largely turns the popular judgment that will follow him. Great wealth imposes great responsibility because the opportunities for usefulness and helpfulness involved in it are so wide and so practically exhaustless. Some ignore these opportunities entirely and employ their vast substance exclusively for selfish ends. Others feel that their good fortune carries with it certain obligations to society, and they contribute what they consider the proper tithes for the satisfaction of such obligations. There is a smaller and a finer class that hold their fortunes in trust for their own generation or for generations to follow, and value them chiefly for the privilege they bestow of a wider sphere of benefactions to their fellowmen.

The late Frederick H. Rindge, who had so closely identified himself with the welfare of the city of Cambridge, unquestionably belonged to the latter class. Wherever he went he made himself a force in good works, and contributed freely though always intelligently to social, educational and religious interests. The fine city hall of our sister municipality, its library, and particularly the manual training school named for him, attest conspicuously and splendidly at once the wise philanthropy and the public spirit of this exceptional man. The school is a model of its kind and has done and is doing a service for the rising generation that confers a continuous

blessing upon the community to which it ministers.

The Nobel Prize

From Boston Post.

THE intimation that the next award of the Nobel peace prize will name Theodore Roosevelt as the recipient does not lack plausibility. "Si non vero e ben

do, Theodore Roosevelt did. Where the royal cousins and uncles of the Czar hesitated to give him the good advice which their relationship warranted them in giving, this foreigner stepped in with the audacity of right purpose and in the name of the American people spoke the warning and the expectation of humanity.

Another might have done it. True. But Theodore Roosevelt did it. He did not

CLASP HANDS, YE NATIONS!

CLASP bands, ye Nations, and thank God
The bitter tragedy is done!

Corn shall be planted in the sod

That vengeance long has trod upon.

Clasp hands, ye Foes, across the path

By life-blood dampened as by dew;

The curtains of Almighty wrath

Roll back and let the sunlight through!

In those long camps where armies lie

Between the battle and despair,

I think I hear a mighty sigh

Rise up to heaven like a prayer:

"Giver of Peace, our lives are dear,

And we have felt the pains of men;

Thank God the blessed end is here,

And we may see our homes again!"

Peace! and the grass may grow once more

Among the gullies and the stones

Where War might still have festered o'er

A continent of skulls and bones.

Peace! and the fleets of commerce choose

Safe paths on the untroubled deep

Where, buried in the crawling ooze,

The Navies of Misfortune sleep.

Clasp hands, ye Nations, in the prayer

That hell's fierce work for good be done;

That such a trial by fire may bear

New splendor to the Rising Sun;

And that the peasants of the north

Through suffering have found a way

To summon Light and Freedom forth

To strike the prison chains away!

— WALLACE IRWIN, in *New York Globe*.

trovato." And the congratulatory cable which Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have received from the prize committee indicates that those distinguished Scandinavian publicists and philosophers have their eye upon him.

We Americans are not hero-worshippers, and a good deal is heard just now, where men meet each other, in criticism of what is called the extravagant and fulsome praise of President Roosevelt for the part he has taken in the Eastern peace settlement. Such criticism, we think, is unwarranted.

It is said, for instance, that Mr. Roosevelt has done no more than another might have done; that the Emperor William could have influenced the Czar to consent to a conference; that King Edward might have brought around his ally, the Mikado. In short, that effectual pressure for peace could have been applied on the other side of the world as well as here.

But this is just what gives distinction to the course of President Roosevelt. What the others might have done, and what they should have done, but what they did not

make the peace, to be sure; but he broke down the barriers against the consummation of peace.

The dynamite prize for the promotion of peace can be so fitly bestowed upon no other.

THAT MOOSE

That moose which you have been yearning for, and doubtless expect to secure this year, was seen by a disciple of Isaac Walton up in Canada on the same trip that he caught his record trout this season. He is reported as having a fine head, which is quite likely to prove a record one. Quantities of fine deer were also seen in the vicinity. If you will write H. J. Colvin, 362 Washington St., Boston, he will send you full particulars, as to open season, how to obtain license, cost of getting there, etc.

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Mark H. Jackson, whose advertisement appears in this issue, tells how he was cured of this painful disease. He is ready and willing to send a free sample of the remedy that cured him to any of our readers who will write him. If any of our readers suffer with rheumatism, it will only cost a stamp to try Mr. Jackson's remedy.

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WHY NOT?

REV. HERBERT F. QUIMBY.

WE rejoice because the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are about to use a common Hymnal. We rejoice because these two great churches have adopted a common Order of Public Worship. We hope every church throughout these two great Methodisms will use the same.

Now, as this service calls for the use of the "Lord's Prayer," which is already quite generally used, why not adopt a form of this prayer so that all will repeat it alike? Now what do we hear? Some saying, "Our Father which," some saying, "Our Father who;" some saying, "in earth," some saying, "on earth;" some saying, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them," etc., some saying, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those," etc.

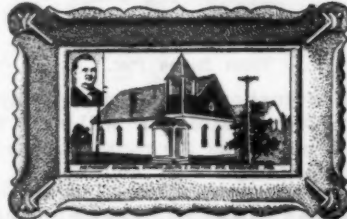
We repeat this prayer so much that it is hard to always pray the prayer reverently without formality. Do not these differences in repeating the prayer interfere with the true spirit of devotion? Can we not see without argument the desirability of uniformity? Why not make some move to secure this uniformity? And when we do this, why not adopt the form just as we find it in Matt. 6, Authorized Version?

Bishops Warren and Walden said, in speaking of the "Methodist Order of Worship:" "After this adoption a few individual churches will need to forego some usage which has come to be prized by them, but this will be amply compensated by the advantages in which the millions of Methodists share through the observance of their Common Order of Worship."

If we adopt the Bible form, many will have to give up words they enjoy, as, "Father who," "on earth," and "trespasses." Where did we, as Methodists, get "trespasses?" It is an inheritance from the Church of England. Now, which is better, to keep this inheritance that came from a church that had not spiritual life enough to satisfy John Wesley, or to change and give our children the idea that we believe in quoting the Bible accurately? Some would be surprised to find how many children between the ages of six and ten cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer alone, unless they have practiced.

Suppose a Junior League superintendent has been endeavoring to impress upon the members of the Junior League that they ought to learn many Bible verses, and that they ought to learn them so that they can repeat them accurately (verbatim), and she finds a bright boy ten years old in her League who cannot repeat the Lord's Prayer. She tells him to learn the prayer. He asks: "Where can I find it?" She replies, without stopping to think of the inconsistency: "In the sixth chapter of Matthew." Next Sunday the boy is at the Junior League, and he is very anxious to ask a question. After the opening exercises he has his opportunity, and he tells the superintendent that the sixth chapter of Matthew does not give the Lord's Prayer as

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she repeats it. And then he asks where he can find it just as she repeats it. She has to tell him that he cannot find that form in the Bible. Imagine her predicament! She has been endeavoring to teach the Juniors to quote the Bible accurately, and yet she has to acknowledge that she does not so quote the Lord's Prayer because her great church has long made the mistake of not so doing. Would it be any wonder if, after awhile, this bright boy should conclude that either he could play "fast and loose" with the Bible, or that the authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church did not amount to much?

Why not avoid such confusion? Why not, as we use this oft-repeated portion of the Bible, give an example in accuracy? Brethren in the ministry, why not try it? I have, and it works admirably. The prayer is then repeated smoothly and, I hope, devoutly.

Haverhill, Mass.

THE CONFERENCES

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Albans District

Enosburg Falls. — There is little to record concerning our second quarter's visit to this charge. The work of the church is progressing favorably. The Sunday-school is one of the best on the district, under the efficient management of A. A. Aseltine. The officiating, about all of whom are found in the prayer-meeting with the exception of those that live out from the village, are alive to the interests of the work. The pastor, Rev. F. E. White, is diligent in his pastoral duties. When all this is said, the reader will be apt to observe: "That is an ideal charge" — which is the truth.

North Fairfield. — The people here worship in what was once a Union Church. It is now connected with West Enosburg, Rev. W. E. Newton, pastor. Last winter there was a gracious revival here, and the converts have largely been steadfast, and are about to be received into full membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The presiding elder expects soon to be called to organize a Methodist Episcopal Church at this place, and as soon as the status of affairs can be definitely settled, have the brick church placed in the hands of a board of trustees.

Sheldon. — Things are looking up at this place under the watchcare of Rev. S. Donaldson. Internal improvements are very evident in the parsonage, and the improvement of the exterior is now being considered.

From Aug. 14 to 19 the Bible School on Sheldon camp-ground was held under the presidency of Dr. C. S. Nutter. The instruction given and work done was thorough and the plans for the future show a desire and purpose to not only continue this institution, but by extending its sphere make it more useful. The annual district camp-meeting, in charge of the presiding elder, was opened Aug. 21. A larger number than heretofore camped on the ground. The boarding-house, which was enlarged at a cost of \$700, two years ago, was found to be too small to accommodate all the applicants for places. The grounds, which were purchased for \$1,475 three years ago are now paid for, the last \$200 having been raised at the meeting this year. The religious spirit was very manifest all through the meetings. A few souls were converted, and the church greatly quickened. The presiding elder depended wholly upon the pastors on the district for support in conducting the services, and they rallied splendidly and preached the Word to the profit and satisfac-

tion of the hearers. A young people's meeting was conducted each day successfully by Mrs. E. J. Parmelee, of Enosburg Falls, and the children's meeting each day, in charge of Mrs. J. M. Jeffords, of Enosburg Falls, and Mrs. Thorpe, of Underhill, was successful in holding the interest of nearly all the children on the ground.

Group meetings. — On Sept. 11, ten evangelistic group meetings will begin services at ten different points on the district. In nearly every case four pastors will be associated together. They will unite for at least a four days' meeting in each charge represented, successively, giving to each charge two weeks if the interest demands it. Thus at ten different points on the district for eight consecutive weeks will revival fires be burning. The presiding elder will give a lift to the work at as many of these points as it will be possible for him to touch.

Personal. — On Wednesday evening, Aug. 31, the presiding elder united in marriage, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Enosburg Falls, C. Gordon Abell, M. D., and Miss Grace M. Fisher, both of Enosburg Falls. The church was filled by the many friends of the young people, wishing them a happy life voyage. After a brief trip away they will be at home at Enosburg Falls. H.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Old Orchard. — The camp-meetings of 1905 have come and gone. The attendance has been good, the interest excellent. The district meeting has been re-established on a solid basis which guarantees its continuance; the National Holiness meeting was much stronger than last year, and will be held again the coming season. This meeting is under the leadership of Dr. C. J. Fowler; the most of the preaching was done by Dr. B. Carradine, a typical Southerner, unique in thought, expression and illustration. While his sermons were usually an hour long, no one wished them shorter. The church services have been held every Sabbath morning but one, and the auditorium has been well filled. The pastor, Rev. D. Onstott, his wife and two children, are visiting their friends in the State of Ohio, the home of their nativity.

Kear Falls. — Here we have a church which is not "fading away like the stars of the morning," but is aggressive and growing as every church must be which has real life. Six persons have been baptized this year, and the collection for missions has been taken, exceeding the amount of last year, which was also an advance over the previous year. Here is a good suggestion for the other brethren on the district to "go and do likewise." The pastor, Rev. H. A. Peare, was called for the second time to preach the baccalaureate sermon before the graduates of the Parsonsfield Academy. We are sad to note the ill health of Mrs. Peare. What a lesson of cheerful patience some of God's hidden sufferers teach us as they "dwell in the secret place!" Rev. F. C. Potter, whose broken health has compelled him to lay aside the active work, is living here, where he is engaged in light secular labor.

Ellot. — The pastor, Rev. J. E. Clancy, has been in his pulpit every Sunday this year. The morning congregation has averaged 76, which for a country church where the people are scattered is indeed a good showing. Evangelistic services are to begin Sept. 17. This work has been carefully and prayerfully planned. Several of the pastors on neighboring charges will assist in the meetings. Special services will be held for the children on different parts of the charge at the close of the day schools. A printed

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program for these meetings has been issued. The members of the official board and Epworth League cabinet will heartily co-operate with the pastor. May the old-time revival fire sweep the town!

Kittery, First Church.—Our "Evan Roberts," also a Welshman, was appointed to this field last spring. For several years past this charge has been served by a student from the Boston School of Theology, but last spring the people asked for a pastor as well as a preacher, which was granted. The interest in the church is increasing. Four children have been baptized. An Epworth and a Junior League are being organized. The attendance on the Sunday evening service is excellent. May the people, young and old, witness an old-time revival!

Kittery, Second Church.—A few weeks ago quite a local excitement was manifested in connection with Kittery Navy Yard, when fifty tons of dynamite were exploded by a single spark of electricity, diminishing the size of the island by correspondingly widening the river's bed for the purpose of handling the warships with more ease and safety. Since then world-wide interests have centered here, and on Aug. 20 the report of the Peace Commission was heard reverberating to the ends of the earth, which signifies that the foundations of war have been shivered in pieces and Russia and Japan are hereafter to dwell in harmony. Oh, that a spiritual earthquake as a grand, glorious climax might now shake up this historic old town, as the closing event of the season. Rev. S. Hocper, the pastor, is preaching a gospel that has within it the elements of power to bring this to pass. B. C. W.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Claremont Junction Camp-meeting.—The annual camp-meeting of Montpelier and Manchester Districts was held this year at the Claremont Junction camp-ground, Rev. W. M. Newton, presiding elder of Montpelier District, presiding, assisted by Rev. Elwin Hitchcock, presiding elder of Manchester District. The meetings were held two weeks, as last year, the dates being August 14-27. During the first week the forenoons of each day were given up to sports and recreations, grounds having been made ready for tennis, croquet, quoits, and other games. Arrangements were made by which boats could be hired on the Connecticut River, which is only a short distance from the grounds. Tuesday, Aug. 15, was given up to the interests of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Despite the unfavorable weather, a good audience listened to two very helpful and inspiring addresses by Mrs. Callie Howe, of St. Joseph, Missouri.

In addition to the sermons that were delivered, the committee in charge had planned for a series of lectures, four of which were given by Rev. T. F. Clark, of Windsor, Vt., on the following subjects: "Alfred the Great;" "William Tindale, Hero of the English New Testament;" "The Study of the Poets;" and "The Religion of Tennyson." Each lecture was a rich treat, and brought out larger numbers to the next. The Epworth Leaguers and others, young and old, who were privileged to enjoy these thoughtful and interesting addresses, must have been inspired by them. There were two other lectures given which were greatly enjoyed: Rev. F. C. Rogers, of Nashua, on "Josephine, the Wife of Napoleon," and Elbridge Thompson on "Funny Epitaphs." An address on the Epworth League Convention at Denver

was given by Rev. C. C. Garland on Saturday evening.

The Sunday morning service was held in the First Methodist Church at Claremont, the preacher being Rev. W. E. Allen, of Ludlow, Vt., who took for his text Pharaoh's question to Jacob: "How old art thou?" The thought of the message was that life is to be reckoned by achievements, not in years. The question of the text, then, was to every man: "What hast thou accomplished as to the building of character and as to service for mankind?" The afternoon service was held at the camp-ground, Rev. G. O. Howe being the preacher. Rev. C. H. Walters, of Newport, preached at 7:30. The other speakers of the week were: Revs. C. T. Matthews, H. E. Howard, L. R. Danforth, F. A. Wells, W. J. Wilkins, Fred Daniels, C. C. Garland, J. R. Dinsmore, E. A. Legg, Mrs. Moore of India for the W. F. M. S., and Rev. F. M. Baker. Rev. E. E. Reynolds, of Franklin Falls, spoke for the Woman's Home Missionary Society on Friday morning. Succeeding speakers were Revs. A. H. Webb, John Cairns, L. O. Sherburne, T. E. Cramer, and Dr. Bishop, of Montpelier Seminary.

Up to Saturday night the weather was perfect, but Sunday opened with clouds and showers. Despite the weather, however, a good-sized audience participated in the love feast conducted by Rev. J. T. Hooper, of Winchester, N. H., and enjoyed an excellent sermon by Rev. C. H. Walters, of Newport, on the kingdom of heaven likened to a seed. In the afternoon, by a conservative estimate, there were 1,200 people on the ground, who, soon after the service began, were scattered by the rain. Services, however, were arranged for, and three speakers were soon declaring the Gospel message: Rev. R. C. T. McKenzie at the preachers' stand; Rev. L. J. Morse at the Springfield house; and Rev. A. M. Markey at the Claremont house. The closing service was in charge of Rev. J. T. Hooper, of Winchester, who preached and conducted the after service. It was a fitting climax to a day of rich blessing and a successful meeting.

During the last week social services were held at 9:30 A. M. and 6:30 P. M. each day, with children's meetings at the close of the week under the direction of Rev. C. T. Matthews, of North Charlestown. The music was under the direction of Mr. A. B. Woodbury, of Winchester, who was assisted by Mrs. Evans, of Paterson, N. J., as organist, and Mr. H. L. Patch, of Claremont, cornetist. Several soloists from Claremont, Brattleboro, and other towns also gave assistance.

Nearly every cottage on the grounds was opened, and the boarding-house was well patronized. One or two cottages which had been closed up were bought, and are to be fitted up. Those who are interested in this beautiful spot

may well be encouraged over the outlook for next year. C. C. GARLAND.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Yarmouth Camp-meeting.—In a recent issue of ZION'S HERALD a very comprehensive statement of the condition of affairs of the camp-meeting up to the date of writing was made. A few additional words may be of interest. More and more are people making the camp-ground their summer home; and as a place for spending a restful vacation, it is proving itself to be ideal. The preachers of the week and their texts were as follows: O. E. Johnson, Acts 1: 8; I. W. LeBaron, Luke 2: 49; E. J. Ayres, Heb. 4: 8; H. W. Brown, 1 Cor. 9: 24; R. S. Moore, 1 Cor. 1: 23; D. C. Thatcher, John 17: 17; L. G. Horton, Luke 12: 1; Jacob Betts, Acts 3: 19; W. L. Haven, D. D., Psalm 119: 93, 99; J. C. Burke, Psalm 10: 4; N. B. Cook, Rom. 14: 7; W. H. Daniels, D. D., Rom. 9: 23; H. H. Critchlow, Rev. 21: 7; W. H. Daniels, D. D., 2 Cor. 13: 14; G. L. Collyer, Job 22: 21; F. H. Wheeler, 1 Cor. 8: 16; John Krants, Mark 15: 24. The love-feast was led by Rev. J. S. Thomas, and has not been equaled for some years in number of testimonies and in enthusiasm. A noticeable feature was the testimonies of a large number of children, both boys and girls. Dean Buell's talks on the development of Christian experience, based on that of the Apostle Paul, were exceedingly interesting and helpful. The children's meetings, led by Mrs. Jane E. Bell, were well attended and profitable. The boys' and girls' hour—a new feature at last year's session—has come to stay. The willingness of the boys and girls to help and be helped was most encouraging. The plans of the committee on enlarging the scope of the meeting will be given to the public as soon as they are consummated. The plan of liquidation of the debt has been mentioned before: \$3,500 is to be raised by subscriptions for shares of \$25 each, to be paid in full on delivery of receipt, or in two or three annual payments, or not until the entire amount has been pledged. More than \$1,500 has already been paid or pledged. Subscriptions of those interested, either in whole shares or in fifths, may be made to any member of the committee—Rev. H. W. Brown, of Whitman, Rev. F. L. Brooks and Mr. Ezra G. Perry, of Bourne. The September meeting of the directors is looked forward to with great interest, as important plans will be made for the success of the future camp-meetings.

West Dennis.—The home of the pastor, Rev. I. W. LeBaron, has been invaded. The parents have named their first-born Olin William. During July and August the Sunday-school has



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been enjoying a contest for the purpose of securing new members. The boys on the street now hurrah for the Blues. When the contest began, the enrollment of the Sunday-school was 70; at the close it was 190, 156 members being present. The next day a largely attended and very delightful Sunday-school picnic was enjoyed. The congregations are growing, also. Rev. James T. Docking, a former pastor, with his wife, has been visiting here.

South Harwich.—This church is to be congratulated for the successful work it is doing among the Portuguese, a number of men being won to membership in the church. Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Bell are laboring zealously and wisely in the different departments, and are appreciated.

Chatham.—Rev. Charles Smith, the pastor, conducts Sunday afternoon services at South Chatham. The Epworth League of this latter place had a musical and social evening, recently, attended by twenty-two young people.

Orleans.—The "Ys" held a very attractive lawn party on the grounds of the church.

Epworth League.—The annual convention of the District Epworth League will be held in the County St. Church, New Bedford, Sept. 26 and 27. This is to be a great educational feast and spiritual awakening. Under the direction of Mrs. Jane E. Bell, superintendent, Junior work will be first considered. An address by Rev. W. Lenoir Hood will be followed by reports and discussions. W. H. Kelling will report the result of his district campaigning for the organization of mission study classes. In the afternoon Rev. C. Howard Taylor will speak on "A Child of Destiny," and Rev. H. A. Ridgway on "A Great Opportunity." Then will follow department conferences.

The Middleboro missionary convention last winter was so notably successful there is demand for another. The second day of this annual convention is, therefore, to be devoted to missions. Miss Martha B. Hixon and Mr. W. B. Oliver, so much enjoyed before, are to be present. Strong addresses are to be enjoyed at the evening services, the first by Dr. W. T. Perrin, and the other by Bishop Goodsell. The meetings are all open to all people. The pastor and three other delegates are expected from every League. Chapters having more than fifty members may send an extra delegate for every additional twenty-five members. C. H. S.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Lynn District

Malden, Faulkner.—The third Sunday in August the congregation of the Faulkner Church worshiped in the building at the corner of Eastern Avenue and Faulkner Street for the last time. In the morning, the presiding elder, Dr. J. M. Leonard, preached from the text: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." It was just the kind of sermon the people needed, inspiring them for the work made necessary by the new conditions. Dr. Leonard thoroughly appreciated the fact that the congregation has felt keenly the giving up of the place of worship that had become endeared to them by the sacred associations of the past, yet he also realized that the move was inevitable, and, more than that, that it was a call to go forward. How well the people caught the thought of the morning sermon was seen in the responses made by the representatives of the different organizations of the church at the evening service, when the pastor made a statement giving the reasons for the sale of the building: 1. Local conditions have so changed that it had become suicidal for Faulkner Church to remain any longer in the building just vacated. A large Jewish population has invaded the community, and the Faulkner district is now a ghetto. Our people

have been rapidly moving away, so that it would require but a few months for the membership to become completely depleted. 2. At the time of the sale the church was burdened with a mortgage of \$6,000. With repairs necessary at no distant date amounting to about \$2,000, and a possible call to reduce the mortgage, it was evident that the people could not raise such a large sum of money for an old building badly situated in a rapidly declining community. 3. The structure is not modern, and is not on a thoroughfare, and the expense of running it was out of proportion to the good received. These facts were laid before those in authority. The result was that Resident Bishop D. A. Goodsell, the presiding elder, Dr. J. M. Leonard, the pastor, Rev. Frank W. Collier, and the committee on church location of the Lynn District, were unanimous in the opinion that the wise thing to do was to sell. The quarterly conference, too, voted unanimously to instruct the trustees to sell the building. After all bills against the building have been met, the trustees will hold in cash and furnishings about \$3,000. The congregation is now worshipping in a hall and is planning to build at an early day.

Newburyport, People's Church.—On Sunday, Aug. 6, Rev. William J. Kelley, the pastor, baptized 7 and received 5 on probation.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Bangor District

Littleton Camp meeting began Saturday evening, Aug. 6, and closed Aug. 20. The daily program was as follows: Prayer-meetings at 8 A. M. and 4 P. M.; preaching at 10, 2, and 7.30; children's meeting at 4 P. M. There were a large number of children on the ground, who were deeply interested and greatly helped by the meetings, which were in charge of Miss Sadie Hagan, deaconess, from the Boston Home. Miss Villa Pheisan, a graduate from the music department at Kent's Hill, played the organ, and Miss Agnes Kunnels the cornet. The singing was by a volunteer chorus choir, and led by Rev. A. L. Nutter, of Old Town. The grounds were never in better condition. Rev. D. B. Pheisan, the president of the Association, was tireless in his efforts to have all things as they should be. Nearly every cottage was opened and filled with families.

The men of our own district and Conference carried the work nobly. Revs. L. A. Nies, Boston; W. F. Anderson, New York, secretary of Board of Education; D. W. Howell, Hartford, Conn.; E. L. Mills, Upton, Mass.; C. M. Meiden, Providence, R. I.; A. B. Lorimer, pastor of Columbia Street Baptist Church, Bangor; and Bowley Green, a Baptist evangelist of Portland, Me., rendered the most excellent assistance. Forty-two sermons were preached. All were excellent in gospel tone and evangelistic fervor. People who made no sign could never be the same again after such services. The sermons seemed too many to report the texts or subjects for the whole time, and so, in justice to all, all are omitted. The presence with us of some of the leading men of a sister denomination was a source of help and blessing to us all, and indicative of the really fraternal spirit now existing among the leading spirits of the great divisions of the King's army.

Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting.—The meeting began Monday afternoon, Aug. 21. The grounds were never more beautiful; the weather was as nearly perfect as anything in this world is found. The cottages were well opened and occupied by many families.

Preparatory to the meeting Rev. H. W. Norton, pastor at Dover, had held a prayer-meeting on the ground on Friday evening for several weeks, and service was held on the ground Sunday afternoon and evening, at which Rev. H. B. Haskell, of Orono, who was spending his vacation here, preached. Mr. Haskell also preached the opening sermon on Monday afternoon.

Tuesday morning a large audience gathered in the temple to hear Rev. C. A. Purdy, of Corinna, who preached a helpful sermon. This was followed by an altar service, conducted by the presiding elder. At 2 P. M. Rev. J. O. Rutter, of Brownville, preached an earnest discourse from Jer. 29:13. A duet by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Starbird was much enjoyed. The children's meeting under the leadership of the deaconess was a highly profitable service, over fifty

children being present. At 6 P. M. a most helpful social service was led by Rev. H. W. Norton in Epworth Hall. In the evening a large audience met Rev. B. F. Simon, of Bangor, whose able sermon was much enjoyed. Miss Helen Orennan, of Washington, D. C., rendered a beautiful solo.

On Wednesday at 8.30 A. M., a prayer-meeting was led by Rev. W. E. Greene. This was followed by preaching at 10 A. M., by Rev. A. D. Moore, of Greenville, from John 17:3. At 2 P. M., Rev. B. F. Simon, of Bangor, preached from: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." The children's meeting at 4 o'clock was largely attended. At six o'clock Epworth Hall was well filled, and the service, led by Rev. B. G. Seaboyer, was much enjoyed by all present. The evening sermon was by Rev. R. N. Joscelyn, of Gardiner, from Matt. 13:15-16.

Those who had been looking forward to Thursday as the great day of the feast on the campground, were not disappointed. At 8.30 A. M. a largely-attended prayer-meeting was led by Rev. A. D. Moore. At 10 o'clock Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., of Portland, preached a sermon from John 1:4 that thrilled his audience. At 1 P. M. the business meeting of the District Epworth League was held, when percolically the same officers as last year were elected. At 2 o'clock Dr. Baker spoke again, choosing as his subject, "The Mission of the Young People's Societies." At 7.30, after a praise service, Rev. B. G. Seaboyer preached from Isaiah 51:6. During the day a male quartet and a mixed quartet furnished excellent music.

Though the crowd of Thursday had diminished quite perceptibly, nevertheless when the hour for public worship arrived on Friday, a good-sized audience greeted the speaker, especially in the afternoon. Rev. J. W. Norris, of East Corinth, was the speaker of the forenoon, and Rev. T. W. Fessenden, of Bangor, of the afternoon. Both presented the truth in a clear, earnest manner, the former preaching from the words, "It is finished;" the latter from the words found in Ex. 12:13. At the opening of the evening the presiding elder announced that the evening service would close the camp-meeting. Rev. J. H. Lidstone, of Guilford, was the preacher, taking as his text Heb. 12:2. Deep interest was manifested as the presiding elder gave the closing exhortation and invitation.

The services throughout were very helpful to those in attendance, and much good seed has been sown which will, we doubt not, bring its fruit. BRIGGS.

New York Excursion, Thursday, Oct. 5, via Boston & Maine R. R., \$5

Hoosac Mountains, Hudson River and Fall River Line

October 5, the Boston & Maine Railroad will run the annual New York excursion. A 200-mile train ride through the Deerfield Valley and the Hoosac Mountains to Troy and Albany, N. Y., a delightful sail on the palatial steamers down the Hudson to New York city, two days in the metropolis, and back to Boston via the famous Fall River Line steamers. \$5.00 for the round trip.

Write to the General Passenger Dept., Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, for the beautiful illustrated booklet, which describes the trip in detail. It will be mailed free upon receipt of a postal card.

ECZEMA Skin Diseases, Eruptions, old Sores quickly, permanently cured with "Hermit Salve." Results talk. 25 and 50c., all druggists, or mailed free. Hermit Remedy Co., 9 Bell Block, Elkhart, Ind.

WANTED.—A contralto singer wants a position for the winter in a choir in or about Boston. Address B., care ZION'S HERALD.

ROOM AND BOARD

Wanted in Dorchester or Roxbury by a gentleman. References given and required. Address, giving particulars, Box 2109, Boston.

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IS CANCER CONTAGIOUS?

There is no evidence in support of the contagiousness of Cancer. Those who have treated the disease very extensively say that there is no more danger of infection than from an ordinary sore. Dr. L. T. Leach, the able Cancer specialist of Indianapolis, Ind., says he has treated Cancer for almost ten years, and has never felt afraid of "catching" the disease. His method consists of the application of Cancerol, discovered by him. It is soothing and balmy, safe and sure, and may be used at the home of the patient with success. He has cured many bad cases after all other methods had failed. He has written a book on the subject, which will be mailed free to those interested.

Low Rates Pacific Coast — Sept. 15 to Oct 31

During the above period special one-way colonists' or settlers' tickets will be on sale from points in New England at rates corresponding with \$49.90 from Boston. The Canadian Pacific Railway, with its through tourist cars to the Pacific coast and Chicago, its magnificent scenery, excellent train service, cafe and dining cars, etc., will undoubtedly be foremost in this sale. The popular new improved tourist cars will continue to run during this period notwithstanding the reduction in rate. If interested, cut this out and mail to H. J. Colvin, 362 Washington St., Boston, with your personal address, stating point to which you intend traveling, and he will immediately give you all necessary details.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

New Bedford Dist. Ep. League Convention,
County St. Church, New Bedford, Sept. 26-27
Deaconess Hospital Bazaar, Mechanics'
Building, Boston, Nov. 7-10

NERVOUS WOMEN

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Quiets the nerves, relieves nausea and sick headache, and induces refreshing sleep.

Marriages

WATSON — FOSS — At Sanford, Me., Aug. 16, by Rev. A. Hamilton. Frank S. Watson and Clara E. Foss, both of Springvale, Me.
SNOW — TAYLOR — At Westford, Mass., Aug. 23, by Rev. C. C. P. Hillier, of Springfield, Frederick J. Snow, of West Chelmsford, and Esther P. Taylor, of Westford.
WHITE — FISHER — In Mansfield, June 14, by Rev. W. T. Johnson, Joseph White and Rhoda Fisher, both of Foxboro.
WALTERS — FITTS — In Mansfield, July 20, by Rev. W. T. Johnson, Edward Walters and Dacy Fitts, both of Mansfield.
LEONARD — TUCKER — In Mansfield, Aug. 19, by Rev. W. T. Johnson, F. T. Leonard, of Rowley, and Jennie Bell Tucker, of Mansfield.
WALKER — LORD — In Mansfield, Aug. 25, by Rev. W. T. Johnson, Warren E. Walker and Emily B. Ford both of Mansfield.
BILLINGS — WILLIAMS — In Brownville, Maine, Aug. 23, by Rev. J. O. Rutter, Daniel Ernest Billings and Marion Williams, both of Brownville.
WOOSTER — POOLE — In Bristol, Me., Aug. 27, by Rev. E. S. Gahan, Harry M. Wooster, of Bar Harbor, Me., and Sadie P. Poole, of Bristol.
DAVIS — POOLE — In Bristol, Me., Aug. 27, by Rev. E. S. Gahan, Lawrence J. Davis, of Bremen, Me., and Annie M. Poole, of Bristol.
CUNNINGHAM — HORNE — In Hallowell, Me., Aug. 27, by Rev. W. Canham, William B. Cunningham, of Augusta, Me., and Ivaanelle G. Horne, of Hallowell.
HOWARD — GALLANT — In Dover, Me., Aug. 30, by Rev. H. W. Norton, Albert Howard, of Lewiston, Me., and Alfreda Gallant, of Foxcroft, Me.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer

Has the endorsement of the highest medical authority in the world. It would seem strange indeed if persons afflicted with cancers and tumors, after knowing the facts, would resort to the dreaded knife and burning plaster which have heretofore been attended with such fatal results. The fact that in the last six years over one hundred doctors have put themselves under this mild treatment shows their confidence in the new method of treating those horrible diseases. Persons afflicted will do well to send for free book giving particulars and prices of Oil. Address DR. BYE, Drawer 1111, Kansas City, Mo.

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A Prince with God

REV. JAMES. MUDGE, D. D.

He would scarcely have seemed a prince to the casual observer. Such a one, indeed, would perhaps, ignorantly or superciliously, have set him down as rather below than above the level of the ordinary Methodist minister. For he had no pulpit and no official position. After four years' occupancy of obscure appointments, owing to failure of health, he took, in 1846, a superannuated relation to the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and retained it till his decease in 1902. So he had but little standing in the eyes of men, very little of this world's goods, no earthly recognition in ecclesiastical or social circles. But he was, in the largest sense of the term, a prince with God, truly great in the eyes of the Lord, for he walked in the very closest intimacy with Him for more than sixty years, and He used him as a means of widespread blessing. He was very highly appreciated by such as were conversant with his character and competent to estimate it.

Here are a few testimonies from those who knew him best: "Association with him has been the greatest blessing of my life." "No life was so separated from the earthly as his. In his presence I always felt the Christ-life, the God manifest in the flesh." "He lived for Jesus only, all those years; he was eminently one of the few real saints who live out all they teach." "No one could say too much in his praise; he was as near like the Master as any human being could be; he was ever courteous and had a most winning way; he never antagonized any one, but loved them into believing." "What a sweet, strong, loving walk it all was, every day and every way, set apart in the Divine will in all things for more than a half century; he lived in the atmosphere of victory, never doubting the success of what he attempted in His name; he lived to bless and be a blessing wherever the Lord placed him." "Life is richer and heaven is nearer and dearer to me because I came to know him."

His special work was helping people up the heights of Christian perfection, and guiding them in the maturer developments of divine grace. He could not aid all; for many could not understand him. He was to them an Apocrypha, something concealed; for he was quite a mystic in his mental mood and form of expression. John Tauler and other such writers were among his small collection of books, and he would have been warmly welcomed among that choice band of exalted spirits called "the Friends of God," who, in the fourteenth century, filled Western Germany with their holy influence. But those who by temperament or experience were qualified to receive his teachings obtained very much benefit from intercourse with him. Oftentimes a single, simple word, spoken in the fullness of the Spirit and with the peculiar unction which characterized him, would be sufficient to break the

fetters of Satan and bring about deliverance or large illumination.

To a sister who was at one time in heaviness he said: "Are you glad?" "For what?" "That He is your life." And immediately the living waters began to flow. Of one who desired to enter into a deeper union with God he asked: "Do you want the Lord to look upon you as wholly at His disposal?" "I do." "And do you say, All that I have is His?" "Yes." "Well, then, He says the same to you: All that I have is thine." And the Holy Spirit speedily witnessed to the betrothal of this soul to the Heavenly Bridegroom. To another who longed to know the keeping power of Christ, he said: "Can you not trust Jesus to save you this moment?" "Yes, I could for one moment." "But can you not trust Him right along moment by moment?" "I think I could if I could always remain in this chair." "Then consider yourself always in that chair; that is, remain in the same attitude of spirit before the Lord." Her testimony ever after was: "I have always remained in the chair, and find Jesus a present Saviour." To one who said: "I shall never be satisfied until I awake in His likeness," he replied: "In whose likeness are you awaking day by day?" Some one remarked to him: "We shall be beyond the clouds by and by." His reply was: "We are above them now." Another said: "I have been walking in a very narrow way; there has only been room enough for me and Jesus." His quick answer was: "Oh, that was too much room; if there had been room enough only for Jesus, you would have had no trouble."

On nothing did he lay more stress than on the privilege of the believer to be one with Christ, and his right on that account to adopt and apply to himself a large part of the language used by the Saviour with references to Himself and His relations to the Father. The oneness of the branch with the Vine, so that all the strength of the Vine, so far as the branch needed it or could contain it, and so long as the connection was unimpeded, passed into the branch, was very real to him, and far from being a mere figure of speech. St. Paul's declaration that we are temples of the Holy Ghost he most fully accepted, and was fond of finding allusions to the fact in unexpected places, bringing out this truth with power to the abundant edification of those whom he addressed. With beaming face and outstretched hands he would look around on the circle of God's children met for spiritual intercourse and rapturously exclaim: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" And again he would say, with special emphasis: "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." That which was simply of earth, the fleshly, the carnal, he very effectually and habitually silenced, that the Lord's

REOPENING. — Bromfield St. Church, Boston, after much-needed repairs, will be reopened, Sunday, Sept. 10. Reunion love-feast at 9.30 a. m. Preaching by President W. E. Huntington, of Boston University, at 10.30 a. m. Friends cordially invited.

For pimples, blotches, bad complexion, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take — it has established this fact.

W. F. M. S. — The regular monthly meeting of the executive board of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be held in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St., Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 10 a. m. **MARY L. MANN, Rec. Sec.**

PREACHERS WANTED. — Idaho Conference wants at once for the La Grande District five men. We want young, ambitious men, men of education, refinement and prospects. Our environments will enhance every desired qualification. Now is the time to enter this rapidly growing Conference "on the ground floor." "A word to the wise," etc. Address, with recommendation and stamped envelope.

J. D. GILLILAN,
Presiding Elder La Grande District.
La Grande, Ore.

— Steel as a structural material was first used as a portion of the St. Louis Bridge, completed in 1874; but the first bridge built entirely of steel was the Glasgow Bridge, over the Missouri River, completed in 1879. The extensive use of steel did not commence until 1890. Before that time steel was used only in isolated cases, or for heavy work, such as chords and eye-bars for large spans.

A CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT



In the Spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered as those who have it know, for over three years, and tried almost everything. Finally I found a remedy that cured me completely and it has not returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and it effected a cure in every case. Anyone desiring to give this precious remedy a trial, I will send it free. Write right now. Address **MARK H. JACKSON**, 34 James St., Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Jackson is responsible for above statement true. Pub.

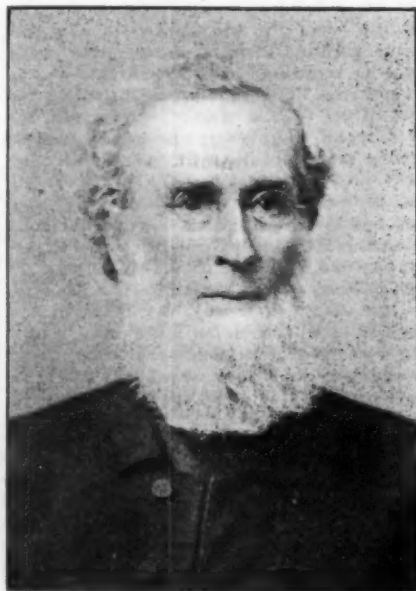
voice might be clearly heard. Perhaps no word was oftener on his lips than: "Be still, and know that I am God." He found, I think, many meanings in it, as he did in so many other passages of Scripture which the average reader passes over with scant attention, noting only what is on the surface. From the height of his intense God-consciousness he spoke out to his lower earthly nature, bidding it be quiet and listen and learn. "When I awake," he would say, "I am still with thee." And it was this inward stillness which enabled him to hear so many heavenly voices. His constant prayer was: "Thy will be done in earth"—this earthly temple—"as it is in heaven."

His entrance on the higher Christian path was somewhat peculiar, and deserves to be narrated. While in his twentieth year, and after carrying for a long time a burden of sin, he quietly and deliberately said, while listening to a sermon: "I will take Jesus to be my Saviour." Immediately his burden was gone, God's love was shed abroad in his heart, and in less than three weeks he became a member of the Baptist Church in which he was converted. This was in April, 1834. He came to Boston not long after, from Portsmouth, his native place, as salesman in a dry-goods store on Hanover Street. During the summer of 1839 a copy of President Mahan's "Christian Perfection" fell into his hands, and a careful study of that excellent book convinced him that there were high privileges before him which he had not yet reached. Having this increased light, he straightway obeyed it, and at once set out, with fullest purpose, to bring his whole being into oneness with God's will. He soon found that God had come into his life to abide, and he was filled with the Holy Ghost and with great peace. "Thenceforward," he says, "nothing disturbed my inward calm, though I had been troubled by a hasty temper. It became my meat and drink to do His will as soon as known."

Feeling a call to preach, and the Baptist Church not encouraging his new views on sanctification, he was drawn to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church, which he did at Marblehead, in 1841, under the ministry of Rev. James Mudge, a kindred spirit, with whom he studied theology, and who gave him a license to preach. During the second year of his active ministry, which only lasted from 1842 to 1846, his attention was called to this word, in Jer. 15:19: "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth." He had thought this fully done before, but now he became still more sensitive Godward, and began to detect forms of selfishness not previously discerned. This stumbled him at first, but soon seeing clearly that a deeper consecration was necessary, he answered quickly: "Yes, Lord, all this, and more, if it be Thy will." It proved to be, he says, the lesson of his life. Whenever afterward anything came up that involved or threatened conflict, or indicated that there was a further work to be accomplished, he at once yielded himself to God for the fuller installment of the life of Christ. Thus he became quickly conscious when any lack of harmony with the divine will presented itself, and, immediately taking the further step thus pointed out, went triumphantly forward with great strides. He passed very early beyond the point where there needed to be any "struggling and wrestling to win it," and came among the "more than conquerors" who have no special occasion to shout victory because there has been no conflict.

The work of grace was thus with him very manifestly both instantaneous and gradual—gradual as the new light kept coming, to which he instantaneously responded. That which with some teachers was the summit—the mere living without conscious or willful sin—was with him only the foundation on which he solidly built. He took people where they were left by these teachers, and led them on to much loftier heights. He said to them: "You need

not seek a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit in consequence of these disturbances into which you have been thrown by the reappearance of the self-life, for the Comforter comes to abide; when the self-life at any point manifests itself, die to it in your will on the instant, and the Christ-life will stand revealed." He often quoted: "The Lord delighteth in the death of His saints;" and: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." He fully believed that when every form of self is yielded, and we are fully at the Lord's disposal, He is made unto us wisdom, so that our doubts and perplexities disappear; we hear His voice and know not the voice of strangers. "Let the Christ life come forth," he would say, "that which is within you, that which alone you should acknowledge as having possession; it is not necessary always to have a conscious realization of the fruits of the Spirit, but if they are there, or since they are there, they will show themselves when called for." The shower which refreshes the earth may not be visible after a little, for it has sunk into the soil, but it will



REV. HENRY PERKINS HALL

duly appear in the ripening fruits. We draw the water from the faucets as it is needed, and are well content to have it awaiting us in quiet rather than embarrassing us in obtrusive superabundance.

He was childlike in a marked degree, abounding in pleasant, always cheerful, sunny, and happy. He deemed that God "hath given us richly all things to enjoy," and meant our natural appetites and powers to be inlets of gratification. His exhortation was: "Children of the Heavenly King, as we journey let us sing." "All my springs are in Thee," was his testimony; and he liked to say, as he entered a company, exhilaration in every movement and stamped visibly on the countenance: "My cup runneth over." No one doubted it. His abiding home was in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. His very presence was a stimulus and a benediction. No one could see him without the consciousness that he walked with God and lived from "a great depth of being." He knew all the paths of Beulah Land. To a dear friend who inquired if he could tell just where he was in the Christian life, he replied: "I only know that I am in a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein goes no galley with oars; where there is no need for painful effort; for souls that have passed into God find no latitude nor longitude, but are in infinite spaces and must be continually led in ways that they know not." He pronounced no shibboleths, was not tenacious of any terms, or anxious to stretch others on some Procrustean bed; he reached no finality in his experience—his course was ever onward. "He must increase, but I must decrease," he said. In the fullest sense he lived the life of faith. He claimed nothing for himself, and was greatly surprised that any should ever suppose that he did. "I thought they would understand that I was speaking of my Beloved." He had no quarrel with any. Bishop Gilbert Haven, in whose Maiden home he was a frequent and wel-

come visitor, the special friend and counselor of mother and sister, said: "Brother Hall is one of the few truly good men with a deep experience who does not undervalue the experience of others. He is all right, only he is twenty years ahead of his time."

He held great numbers of meetings which were centres of wonderful blessing to large multitudes. They were unconventional in character. Nothing was to him an interruption, and if a message was given to or by another, he was ever ready to hold his peace. He waited on the Spirit, and was careful to speak only in the Spirit. He counted those with whom he assembled "mutual helpers in the grace of God," and would smilingly say: "We have met on 'Change; we have not to urge Jesus to come, but only to acknowledge His presence, and if all are obedient we will have a profitable meeting." He was a pastor at large, doing the Lord's work and speaking the Lord's words wherever he went.

He said: "I have two little words ever in use, Yea and Nay; toward God in all things my yea is yea, and toward anything opposite to Him my nay is nay." This life long habit of saying yes to God frequently found expression in an inclination of the head, with the words: "The Christian should always be polite, ever bowing to God's providence, to whatever is allowed to express His will." A dear brother, the janitor of a neighboring church, said: "I will take that nod of yours, Brother Hall," and soon found the trials natural to his position changed to loving service. He had a peculiarly hearty "Amen," which much impressed itself upon his friends, and it was uttered very strongly with reference to any and every point of God's will, so much so that some, when about to pray for the removal of trials, threatened or actual, have stopped as though they heard that "Amen," and changed their prayer into: "Even so, Father, if so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Among his fruitful words may be quoted the following: "Be a barometer Godward, sensitive only for Him, and the vaporous appearance of self that may sometimes enter your horizon will never gather into a cloud." "Be beheaded, beloved, and then be headed with Christ, your living Head." "Temptations are your spiritual gymnasium." "Believing is be leaving and be living—living the new life after leaving the old." "The secret of living in Him and walking in His power is always to count with God; when temptations and trials come, count them all joy." "We must ever be the latest edition of the truths of God's Word." "I have made His will my pleasure, and He has made my wants His care." "To a real Christian there is always a divine order, a fullness of time, in all things." "It is not enough that you find your home in God; He wants to find His home in you." "The heart that is satisfied with the will of God dwells in heaven." "Everything that is allowed to come into our lives is remedial, to the end that we may have increased conformity to the likeness of Christ." "Cease from thoughts that disturb the peace, or increase fears about results." "The fear of evil invites evil." "It is our privilege to say at all times: 'Thou, O Lord, shalt glorify Thyself in and with me where Thy providence has

Brains is the working capital of a larger class of people in this busy, competitive age than ever before, and it is surprising how recklessly they draw upon it. Very many do not seem to be able to discriminate between the use and abuse of this vital organism. The intense mental effort, anxiety and excitement involved in the effort to keep pace with modern methods exhausts the nerves of the brain, causes headache, neuralgia, pain under the eyes, excessive lassitude, irritability, sleeplessness, poor memory, and inability to concentrate thought, and finally nervous prostration. Until unable longer to do so, they work and suffer. This is wrong. Headache or pain of any kind is weakening. Brain workers should take Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They stop the pain and distress in a few moments, soothe the turbulent brain nerves, so that restful sleep, nature's building-up process, restores the exhausted vitality.

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2 or 73.

placed me." "We being His, and His providence holding us in the fire, lie down in it in His stillness. Recognize only Him in your fire; in His stillness let the storm pass over your mind, leaving His peace and contentment; He will properly appear in your extremity."

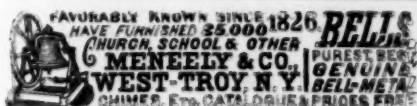
He was able, in a good degree, to appropriate divine strength for the body, claiming Christ as a healer, without fanaticism, but in a way that was very effective and anticipatory of some modern truths in the New Thought and in Christian Science which have not perhaps received all the attention from the orthodox that they deserve. "There may be an eternal gain in long life," he said, "in overcoming in the midst of infirmity, so be in no haste to leave the body. Time enough for the other life by and by—that will keep. I do not care to go where I am not yet wanted." When told by a physician that it was a marvel he was alive, as apparently he had exhausted his natural strength, he said: "Then I will take the Lord's strength and run along," which he did for some years, proving the promise: "With long life will I satisfy him and show him My salvation." He was well on in his 88th year when he closed his eyes on earth.

His last conscious words were in response to the question: "How do you do, this morning?" He characteristically replied: "I am doing the will of my Lord." He always did it. And the fitting epitaph on his tombstone in Woodlawn Cemetery, placed there by his widow, who had and has a very large measure of the same spirit, is:

"He lived what he preached—oneness with the Divine will."

Though absent from us in the body, he is present with us still in spirit, present with the Lord, in glorious union with whom he spent his days. He goes on living in the lives of the great multitude whom he assisted to know Christ better, and who can never forget his wise, genial, tender counsels. Such make little stir among men; they are not called great here, but their true greatness is realized in heaven, and their reward is sure.

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Shocking Death of Mrs. Mary Clarke Nind

METHODIST readers were horrified to read in the Monday morning papers that Mrs. Mary C. Nind, of Detroit, Mich., and her granddaughter, Lydia P. Nind, were burned to death Saturday night in a boarding house at Littleton Common, this State. Mrs. Nind and her son, Rev. George B. Nind, for several years a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Portuguese on the island of Madeira, with his little daughter Lydia, eleven years old, had been spending the summer at



THE LATE MRS. MARY CLARKE NIND

Lithia, a few miles from Northfield. On Friday they left Lithia to visit the other daughter, Gretchen, thirteen years old, who had been staying with Mrs. Millard in Littleton. The fire broke out Saturday night about 10 o'clock, and in less than an hour the house was in ashes. Gretchen Nind jumped from a second story window, and saved her life, but Mrs. Nind and Lydia were probably made unconscious by the dense smoke before the alarm was given. Mrs. Eunice Knox, another boarder, was also burned to death. Rev. Mr. Nind had gone to New Bedford to preach on Sunday in the Portuguese church there, of which he was formerly pastor, so was not present when the terrible catastrophe occurred. It is stated that three trunks, containing valuable papers owned by Mr. Nind — including probably the manuscript of the Portuguese Methodist Hymnal he was preparing — were burned.

Mrs. Nind's unusually useful life is well known throughout worldwide Methodism — as an evangelist and W. C. T. U. worker, in the training of her fatherless children, as a notable representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in its early and later history, in her "around-the-world tour" when she visited our missions, in her addresses for a half-century upon the platform and in the pulpit, and in her sweet and forceful personality, carrying inspiration and strength wherever she moved. Few women in our Methodism have wrought so widely and well, and the announcement of her translation in the fiery flames will shock and grieve multitudes on either side of the water.

Mrs. Nind leaves, besides the son mentioned above, two daughters — Emma N., wife of Rev. William H. Lacy, of Shanghai, China, and Miss Lou Nind, of Detroit.

However, it may be expected from Mrs. Rindge's well-known sympathy with her husband's plans, that she will carry out his beneficent purposes.

— Rev. and Mrs. Warren A. Luce, of Central Church, Taunton, announce the engagement of their daughter, Gertrude Scovil, to Arthur R. Crandell, M. D., of that city.

— Rev. F. K. Stratton, D. D., the New England Conference evangelist, now supplying the pulpit at People's Temple for six Sundays during the absence of Dr. Crane, is to commence his work with the churches in October. Pastors who desire communication with him will address him for the present at North Newport, N. H., as he wishes to fix dates as rapidly as possible for the autumn and winter.

— A happy occasion in Oakland, Me., on Wednesday, Aug. 30, was the marriage of Miss Sophie G. Lapham, daughter of Rev. J. B. Lapham, of Oakland, and Rev. A. H. Stover, of Naco, Arizona. The father of the bride officiated.

— Bishop Goodsell left on Monday for Peoria, Ill., where he is to preside over the St. Louis German Conference, Sept. 7. He meets the East Ohio, Sept. 13, at Uhrichsville, Ohio; Chicago German at Aurora, Ill., Sept. 21; Kentucky at Lexington, Sept. 28; West Virginia at Morgantown, Oct. 4; North Ohio at Shelby, Oct. 11.

— The *Vineyard Gazette* of Aug. 31 speaks in highly complimentary terms of a sermon preached in the Congregational Church in Edgartown, Aug. 27, by Rev. T. W. Bishop.

BRIEFLETS

Pain and shame are thorns when they beset the Christian's path, but spears when they beset the sinner's.

The sapphire, we are told, is composed simply of particles of clay arranged in their highest order. In like manner the so-called "common life" has in it all the needful material for what is most beautiful and precious in soul development.

The New York *Evening Post* is prophetic in significantly saying: "One of the most important factors in favor of Japan is that the soldiers need no meat, and have never tasted the alcoholic drinks which are as necessary to the Russians as meat."

Canadian Methodism will have five young men at Oxford, England, as Rhodes scholars. Three of these will be sons of Methodist ministers, and of these one is the son of the editor of the *Christian Guardian*, Rev. Dr. George J. Bond.

If your vacation has been as restful and delightful as is represented, let the good results overflow in good cheer, particularly to those who have not been thus highly favored, but have been obliged to bear their burdens and do their work through this torrid summer.

The first order entered at the Book Concern for the Methodist Episcopal Hymnal of 1878 was given by Dr. D. A. Whedon for Mathewson Street, Providence, and, so far as known, they were the first to use the book for worship in the public congregation.

It is said that the clearest, coolest looking mountain springs in Jamaica are so warm as to be unfit to drink from; and this is so because they represent the average temperature of the year. So some attractive act of human service from a life which represents in the main injustice and dishonesty partakes of the general moral temperature of that life, and may well offend the discriminating palate of those who see things as they really are.

The editor's attention has just been called to a paragraph in the Pennsylvania Letter, written by "Keystone," which appeared in the issue of July 26. Objection is made that reflection is cast upon the predecessor of Rev. Isaac L. Wood, Ph. D., of Grace Church, Harrisburg, Pa. The editor simply states that he was out of town when the letter in question was given out as "copy," that he did not read it before or after publication, and, therefore, did not intend to reflect upon any minister's reputation. As the word "predecessor" does not appear in the paragraph, it did not occur to the editor's assistant that reference was made to any particular minister. The editor greatly regrets the publication of the paragraph in question, and gladly cancels those declarations of "Keystone" that are alleged to have personal application.

M. Witte, it appears from the press reports, is taking to himself a large amount of credit for the issue at Portsmouth. He has certainly proved himself an adroit and "nervy" diplomat. His determination to pay "not a sou" will go down as one of the dramatic incidents in history. "Not a sou" will become a catchword in general diplomacy for some time to come. But M. Witte, if it had not been for the magnanimity of Japan, would have made a colossal failure of the whole business. His diplomacy, narrowly escaping discomfiture, was successful only because it succeeded.

Every pressure of God's hand upon this plastic material out of which we are made is not for crushing or destroying, but for molding.

Baron Kaneko, who is regarded by some as the representative of Marquis Ito and of the Mikado himself at the recent peace negotiations, and the real negotiator, is reported to have said of Japan's war policy: "We have shown the world that the pagan treatment of prisoners is as humane as that of the Christian nations." This question deserves to be put to Baron Kaneko (who personally is one of the brightest and best of the Japanese): Would there have been any humanity in Japan's "pagan treatment" of prisoners if it had not been for the imitated teaching and indirect influence (through example) of the Christian nations? Japan has observed how the Christian nations, despite all their faults and failures, have gradually evolved a code of humane procedure, and has resolved not to be left behind in the race. It is not a triumph of paganism, but of Christian principles adopted by people called pagans.

From the school which John Wesley founded at Kingswood, near Bristol, have come 550 ministers, 19 of whom have been president of Conference.